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IN THE WOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Deep in the woods where the noonday is dark.
And the air falls of fir-cones and odorous bark,
Where with many a kiss which the sun never sees,
The shade-loving mosses are clasping the trees—

Where the brook is entangled with flag-blooms and weeds,
And so still that its ripples scarce ruffle the reeds—
Where nothing is heard save the branches' light stir,
And sometimes the fall of a last summer's burr,—

On a pillow of leaves I lay dreaming alone,
Breaking faith with the world, and becoming my own,
For the shadows were lifted from spirit and brow
By the joy of the present—the beautiful Now.

'Twas a day in the summer—a day such as this,
When only to breathe is an exquisite bliss,—
Oh, the whole world on that bright afternoon,
Was a sweet poem set to the music of June!

And presaged by warbling more sweet than the birds'
The fair incarnation of music and words
Brightened out of the shadows—a young beaming face,
With a flutter of saphyr-tossed muslin and lace.

Oh, a halo of girlishness, winsome and bright,
Encircled her form like a garment of light,
And I thought as I lifted my head in surprise,
That a stray gleam of sunshine had dazzled my eyes.

On a knoll ribbed with tree-roots all knotty and brown,
Tossing back her curl-tangles she flung herself down,
And lay in elastic and gipsy-like grace,
All panting and pink with the heat and the race.

The violet hidden amid the wet moss,
Disturbed by her foot as she bounded across,
Looked up with a gushing of fragrant surprise,
For they never could match the June-blue of her eyes.

And she bound up with grass in the languor of rest
A knot of the fairest to wear on her breast,
While her fingers gleamed softly the glossy leaves through,
Like veined blush-rosebuds tipt brightly with dew.

Portland, Me., 1858.

NETHERTON HALL; OR, THE PEACEMAKER.

BY WILLIAM J. STEWART.

CHAPTER I.

"Hallo! Charley, old friend, who would have dreamt of meeting you here?"

The speaker was Lieutenant Sparkes, of the —th Light Dragoons, and his exclamation of surprise was natural enough; for it was not a week since he had refused his pressing invitation to spend the coming Christmas with his father, old Sir Giles Sparkes, in Cambridgeshire; and yet on Christmas Eve I was seated in a low, first-class carriage, looking disconsolately at the confusion on the platform of the wretched terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, and waiting to be whirled into the gloom of the snowy night.

"I say," continued Sparkes, whose voice came huskily from behind a huge barrier of beard and wrappers, "you're in the wrong box, old fellow—Cambridge express doesn't leave for twenty minutes."

I shook my head.

"But I'm not going your way, Frank."

"The deuce you're not; why, you promised if you left London to go with me to the old place. There's no denying that. Come! don't hesitate, Charley; this confounded frost will give the foxes a holiday, but it's sure to bring the wild fowl over, and the lake will bear to-morrow. Don't hesitate, man; the old house is full, and the governor in prime condition. Half the county belles will be there, to say nothing of the dear girls at home."

The last argument was too much for me. I shook my head again, and threw myself back with a stifled groan. The good-hearted fellow was on the carriage step in an instant.

"Eh, Charley, nothing very wrong, I hope?" he asked, kindly.

"Everything, Frank! I am confoundedly wretched; I couldn't go to Bosmere Hall, old fellow—I only want to be alone."

Sparkes looked troubled and perplexed too.

"I can't do anything for you, eh? Want any one pitched into, or that sort of thing, and Frank Sparkes is at your service, but I never could get up sentiment."

I shook him by the hand warmly.

"You're a good fellow, Frank, and I thank you; don't look so sad, man. Why what a selfish fool I must be to let my troubles bring a cloud upon an honest fellow's face on Christmas Eve! Good-bye,"—(for the bell was ringing)—"good-bye, and a—a merry Christmas to you!"

I had some difficulty in speaking the old familiar words, and if his face reflected the expression of mine, I do not think the smile which accompanied them was a very cheerful one. But an avalanche of luggage swept him away, and I was glad to pull up the window and be alone.

Glad, when we were fairly off into the wintry night, to lean back and close my eyes and try to think. I was wretched—miserably wretched—so wretched that I thought what a blessing it would be if the train would rattle on and on and on, and only stop at the banks of the Styx. It was quite a relief to reflect that such a result was not improbable on the Eastern Counties Railway.

You see I was not only wretched, but angry with myself and with another on that Christmas Eve. And that other was Florence Angell, my affianced bride.

It was miserable work, but I could not help being angry with her, and showing my anger. Her offence might have been thoughtlessly given, but I loved her too truly to overlook it. She should have been more careful. She was rich, and my brains represented my capital; and the pride which was mine, by right of my poverty, should have pleased rather than vexed her. Would she have a slave for a husband? I dare say, yes! I thought of the libellous things said and sung of woman by poets and philosophers, and tried to believe them true, and fancied that I derived consolation from them. Pshaw! what motives guided their pens? Socrates had a scold for a wife; Milton "a cursed shrew;" Bacon was jilted for Coke, of legal notoriety (*ex tribus disce omnes*); while Florence—Florence was an angel still.

I made up my mind, however, for the thousandth time during the past fortnight, that I was undeniably in the right, and a highly injured man; and that done, there was no reason why I should not open my eyes, and re-enter the world. And accordingly I did so.

The warmth of the carriage had melted the frost upon the window, and I could look out. My meditation must have occupied some time, for I found that we were flying through the open country, upon which the snow had fallen, and was still falling thickly, leaving in our wake a long trail of steam, through which the snow-flakes, trespassing, found themselves suddenly melted. It was not a tempting prospect, and I was glad to turn from it, and scrutinize my only companion.

What little I could see of him was not unfavorable—middle-aged, with a fresh tanned face, mutton-chop English whiskers, and a sharp, kindly eye—he might pass equally well for a country squire, parson, or a something-to-do with horses.

It was just possible that he might be good-natured, and, as he was watching me as if he expected me to say that it was a cold night, or that it snowed hard, or some such novel piece of information, I hazarded an equally stupid remark—

"Rare old English weather this, sir."

He was accompanionable fellow. He did not answer me with a nod, or a grunt, or an affirmative drop of the eyelids, but put the whole pile of wrappers around him in commotion, and seemed to bring his cheering voice from beneath them, where, perhaps, he had been keeping it warm.

"I'm glad of it, sir. I love old fashions, and a seasonable Christmas is one of the best. You'll excuse me, sir, but are you a lawyer?"

The question was thrown at me so abruptly, that had I belonged to that estimable fraternity, I should unquestionably have betrayed myself; but, fortunately, I was able to answer, "No." My companion seemed gratified.

"So many lawyers," he said, "were leaving town at this season, that there was no being certain of your man, unless you made the inquiry."

I was beginning to think that this was rather whimsical, when he just as abruptly fired off another, and a still more severe query—

"Not an idle man, I hope, sir?"

"No," I said, heartily "nor an idle man, indeed," and I was going to tell him my profession, for I love honest curiosity, when he interrupted me—

"That will do, sir. I have much pleasure in wishing you a very happy Christmas."

As he did not seem to know what to do with a hand which he had produced from the wrappers, simultaneously with his voice, I shook it, and returned the seasonable wish.

And so we soon became friendly—as Englishmen ever do when the freetwork of formality is thawed—and chatted sociably about matters which interested us then, but would infallibly bore the reader now, for it is five years since our conversation took place. Indeed, we grew so cheerful and talkative that I had no time to think of Florence, and—for my companion's sake, of course—would willingly have revoked the destination of the train, which I had lately wished bound for Charon's ferry-house.

So we passed on through the snowy night, stopping ever and anon at snow-roofed stations, where we shuddered to hear the engine gasp and choke over its draughts of icy water, and were cheered by the sight of the glowing, happy faces of porters and travellers, who seemed to care little for the black frost and stinging snow, but looking through them, reflected the smile on the countenance of old Christmas beyond.

By-and-bye, we remarked to one another that the speed of the train was sensibly slackening, and all at once it stopped abruptly, and we were impelled towards each other with no very great violence.

When we had recovered from that indefinable sensation of fear which always seizes upon you when anything is amiss with a railway train, we both came to the conclusion that the snow had drifted into the deep cutting in which we were passing, and checked the train's progress. My companion was in a high state of excitement, and made one of those fifty passengers who craned their necks through as many windows, and brought their powerful lungs into a full cry after the one guard, who, like the sensible fellow that he was, was running back with a handful of fog-signals.

I leaned back in resignation. To be sure, I had started for Bury, whence—if the snow would permit, and a post-boy could be found to undertake the journey—I hoped to reach Newmarket, where lived a quiet married sister, who would, I knew, be glad to see me.

But a house where they are merely glad to see you at Christmas time is not very desirable; and I cheerfully submitted to the alternative of eating to-morrow's dinner in some quiet, old-fashioned Essex inn. Besides, solitude would suit my complaint—was the very remedy, indeed, in search of which I had started.

My companion had at length succeeded in securing the guard, and I overheard the following conversation—

"What's the matter, Saunders?—where are we?—how far from Witham?"

To which trio of questions the ready guard made answer—

"Three feet of snow here, squire, and deeper still in the cutting. The station's not half-a-mile off. I can see the lamp of your carriage."

"Hum!"—with evident satisfaction. "Well, Saunders, send some one with a red lamp a mile or so back, and tell my man to come to me. The fool might know he was wanted."

Then, in explanation to me, he continued—

"I'm a considerable shareholder, sir—wish I wasn't—and so it's my duty to look after your safety. Oh, Chilvers,"—this to his servant—"make your way to the station, and tell Robert to drive to the bottom of Snell's drift—it's not a hundred yards off. That done, get out my luggage, and tell me when you're all ready."

Then he pulled up the window, and settled himself comfortably into his wrappers again. It was impossible not to envy him his resources—his carriage close at hand, and the prospect of a warm fireside. My longing for solitude began to vanish before the warmth and comfort of the picture I drew of my companion's home. Perhaps he saw as much in my face, for he said, abruptly—

"Excuse me, my dear sir, but were you going far to-night?"

"Ten miles beyond Bury," I answered; "but I shall not reach Newmarket to-night, and my resting place will be the nearest town."

"Hum! It's not a pleasant thing to ask, but a very dangerous inquiry to neglect. Will you—in short I'm a plain man, and have a reason—will you favor me with your name?"

"With pleasure—Tracey."

"Eum!—it's not a bad name—Kate used to know some Traceys, of—"

"Rawleigh?"

"The same. They are your friends? Then that settles it at once. You must come home with me. There's not an inn, where they can cook a chop properly, within five miles, and if there were, you'll find a warmer welcome at Netherton Hall, for all Shenstone or any other rhymster may say—not a word—here's the carriage. Come, Mr. Tracey—really there is no choice."

He was right—there was not. So we shook hands again, and I leapt after him from the carriage, and collecting my luggage, waded, amid envious glances from some hundred pairs of eyes, through the deep snow, to where a close carriage, with two steaming horses, waited. And in a few minutes we were plunging down some dark lanes, and then were whirled along a broad highway, towards Netherton Hall.

CHAPTER II.

We did not talk much during the ride. Indeed, now that I had time to reflect, I was by no means sure that I had acted with propriety. Putting aside, if it were possible, all thoughts of Florence—what would my host's wife—if he had one—say to the strange guest, who had so readily accepted her husband's rash invitation.

Before long, our speed slackened, and the lamps gleamed upon a portly old fellow throwing open some handsome gates with a Christmas smile upon his face; and then we seemed swallowed up in the pillared dusk of an avenue of fine trees, thickly leaved with snow. Emerging suddenly into the starlight, the horses' hoofs rattled over a wooden drawbridge, through the chains of which I caught sight of the moat, scarred and veined with the marks of skates, and passing beneath a dark archway, we rumbled over a small flagged courtyard and drew up with a shock before a warm, well-lit porch. It was just the place where one might expect to see a squire of a hundred years ago, call out with a score of hearty curses for his varlets. But my modern squire stept down very coolly, and walked into the arms of a pleasant, pretty woman, whom I supposed, and hoped, for virtue's sake, might be his wife. After a hurried whisper, he introduced me.

"Mr. Tracey, Kate. A gentleman whom the snow and I have persuaded to become your guest."

I began to stammer out some awkward apologies, but she checked them with a pleasant smile.

"Welcome, Mr. Tracey,"—she had a pretty voice,—"no one is a stranger at Netherton Hall, on Christmas Eve—certainly not my husband's friend and the son—"

"Nephew, madam."

"Of my old friend, Mrs. Tracey, of Rawleigh. How is she? It is fifteen years since we met."

And she put me at my ease at once by the English woman's pleasant fashion of simulating an interest in your kith and kin.

My introduction had taken place in the hall, a long room, with an old oak roof, lighted dimly by the huge wood fire—two tree-trunks smouldering redly on a heap of gray ashes. On the dark oak wainscot were hung old dim family portraits, in few of which more than a pale face, or a white hand, or the gleam of a corslet could be seen, and some odds and ends of armor and rusty weapons. I had time to see so much before I followed my host to my room, where I hastened to dress for the dinner, which, I blush to say, I was anticipating with a most unromantic appetite.

When I entered the drawing-room, I found a large family party assembled, and I had to make quite a progress before Mr. Tracey was duly welcomed by all my host's friends. At last I reached a little circle of his more intimate relatives by the fire, in the midst of which I found a tall, imposing figure, seated in a high-backed chair. He rose as I approached, and bent upon me a gaze so searching, and apparently unnecessary, that it quite disconcerted me. He was very tall, upright, and manly—an old man—but his face so glowed with health, and his bright eye so shone with the fire of action, that but for the long silken moustaches, and beard of a grizzled gray, a few shades darker than the thin hair that sparely crowned a noble brow, I should not have believed him old. He had evidently been a soldier; I should have known that without the aid of the tarnished ribbon on his left breast. The only strange thing was the still earnest gaze of the dark soft eyes, even after Sir Martin Hazelwood had bowed and welcomed me to Netherton. And this my host soon explained in a low whisper—

"I ought to have told you before, Mr. Tracey; my father is blind," and then he introduced me to Lady Hazelwood.

While I was talking to the old soldier's wife, the circle suddenly parted to admit a young lady who came running towards Sir Martin, and taking both his hands in hers—you see she was not aware of a stranger's presence, and had a natural disregard of her cousins—imprinted several kisses upon the gray moustaches. The young lady blushed becomingly when I was introduced to her on the completion of the above interesting ceremony. As my host's eldest daughter, it was my duty to make myself agreeable to Miss Rosalie Hazelwood during dinner; and by her side I was obliged to do my best to forget the faithless Florence, and to amuse my pretty neighbor.

It was almost exclusively a family party. The village rector, and his curate—a good looking, merry, young fellow, who evidently broke the tenth commandment in most unclerical fashion, and envied me my post by Rosy's side—the doctor, and myself were the only guests not of the Hazelwood kith and kin. Generally speaking, family parties are by all means to be avoided, but the one assembled in the cheerful dining-room of Netherton Hall was an exception to the rule. The room was large and lofty, with wainscots of carved oak, and windows in deep recesses, veiled by heavy crimson curtains. There were great oak sideboards, laden with silver racing and coursing cups, full of red-berried holly. Beneath them rested well polished leathern black-jacks, which had once ministered to Elizabethan worshippers of Bacchus, and were no bad criteria of the power of imbibing the "jolly good ale and old," possessed by the subjects of the virgin queen.

It seemed to have been the fashion from time immemorial to adjourn after dinner into the old hall, where we were joined by other friends and relatives, and an army of happy children; and here the fun of the evening commenced.

It was not unnatural that I should after a time withdraw from the merry groups, and, securing a secluded seat by the chimney corner, indulge my mind by allowing it to dwell for a short space upon its griefs; gazing at the glowing heap of wood ashes, I soon forgot what was going on around me, and the events of my life again passed in review through my mind, ending in its crowning joy, which seemed now to lie before me, "an ashen gray delight."

I raised my eyes—they were moist; you see the glow of the fire affected them, and met Miss Hazelwood's glance. It had a strange curious meaning. What was it? This was not the first time that I had caught her watching me. And during dinner, when she was talking of her last season in town, and the people she had met, she mentioned the name of Florence's father, and stopped abruptly, as though to watch its effect upon me; I showed no embarrassment, but I could not ask the question that trembled on my lips. Did she know Florence?

So I thought it best to rouse myself, and after some courtesy I succeeded in planting a young Hazelwood fairy upon my knee, and was soon in the midst of a most confidential conversation. I was beginning to be deeply interested in the fate of a certain Cousin Emmy, against whom the cold weather and a cough had conspired and succeeded in spoiling her Christmas Eve, when the fairy shouted—

"See! Cousin Rosy's trying to make grandpapa tell us a story, and grandmamma's persuading him not to. Oh, I do hope Rosy will get the best of her."

And ultimately that young lady did succeed, and Sir Martin was committed to the narration of a Christmas tale.

"I wonder if it will be about the French?" continued the fairy; "we often question grandpapa about the old war, but he never cares to talk about it; don't you wonder why?"

I did not tell the fairy so, but I have seldom met a brave good man who cared to fight his battles over again.

"Hush!" said Miss Rosalie, throwing back her curls, with a merry smile, "silence for Sir Martin's tale."

The old soldier laughed in some confusion, and began to stroke his long moustaches nervously, and to make excuses, but we were all concerned now in the fulfilment of his promise, and would listen to no denial. So he turned to his wife, and said:

"Rosy wants me to tell them of our young days, Mary. Do you mind?" and the old lady's face softened very much, and flushed with a tender emotion, as she told him "no," and so he began again.

"It may be very silly, young people, and perhaps wrong, for an old gray beard, but it is scarcely my fault, after all. Rosy's story is a love story."

There was quite a shout of pleasure from old as well as young. We all said that next to a good ghost story nothing could give us greater pleasure on a Christmas Eve. And I think we meant it, for the gravest among us find it good to be children now and then. Indeed, I have a great pity for that man who among children does not feel his heart become like theirs. To such a one what good tidings can there be in the message which holy Christmas brings?—And so, amid an attentive silence, Sir Martin began his tale.

"You have often heard me say what a boy and girl courtship was ours. I believe that we began to make love almost as soon as we could speak, and that I lisped my vows of attachment to your grandmother before she could answer them. But I'm far from approving of love-making so young. Is that Rosy laughing behind my chair? And I am not surprised now, that our course of love failed to run very smoothly. It was not quite our fault, but those who trespassed against us are dead now, and we have pardoned them long ago. And so I will pass over the reasons, and only tell you that I joined my regiment abroad, angry and very unhappy. It was not Mary's fault that she thought ill of me, and tried to forget me, and listened to a—why, children, I was going to be violent this Christmas Eve—to a cousin, who was richer than I, and older, and worthier of her, perhaps. I was a younger brother—my best patrimony my father's sword—while he was heir to a noble fortune. Between me and the Hazelwood property stood a fine, manly fellow."

The old soldier paused for some minutes, and then he said, solemnly,

"Would to God, children—that the bullet which laid my brother low had never been cast!"

It was rather whimsical to hear our host's loud and hearty "Amen" to his father's wish, but the spirit which prompted both was noble.

"And so, while I was helping to do Sir Arthur Wellesley's work in Spain, your grandmother was trying her best to forget poor Martin Hazelwood. When I heard of this—which I soon did—I grew careless of life, and courted death. But he would not accept my life, but gave me a lesson which I shall carry to my grave. The sabre of a French trooper robbed me of my sight. And so my campaigns were over forever, and, after lingering a weary while in a hospital at Lisbon, I returned home, to spend the remainder of my shattered life uselessly, hopelessly. Mary was to be married shortly, but, even if she had remained true to me, how could I accept the sacrifice of her life?

"When I grew strong, I was advised—almost forced—to throw off my despair, and re-enter the world. It was a bitter trial, but I consented, and, on the arm of one of the kindest and bravest of my old comrades, I entered a crowded room, where many welcomed the shattered soldier who had had the honor of bleeding for old England on one of the bloodiest fields of victory.

"I do not think that we had passed through many rooms before I became aware of a strange commotion around me. Amid the many voices of surprise and alarm, I heard one which I had never forgotten, and, breaking from my friend's arm, I pushed my way to Mary's side, and the next minute I found her in my arms. It was wrong, very wrong, perhaps; but you must remember, children, that I was blind and agitated, and that my heart also was blind, when her cry reached it, to every impulse but the strong one which drew me to her side.

"I heard another voice—the angry voice of my rival—and his presence sent the blood coursing wildly through my veins, and, before him, my arms closed round Mary still more tightly. I dare say he was deeply moved. He called out that she was to be his wife—that my embrace dishonored him; he implored her, for Heaven's sake, to listen to him; but she had fainted—my poor Mary!—she had fainted in my arms. I doubt not that the sight maddened him, but still he should have remembered that I was blind, and helpless as a child, before he struck me. But he did strike me—a foul, craven blow—and immediately I let go my hold of Mary, and my hands fell by my side, and my head sank upon my breast, with a low cry. He had struck me, and I was blind—dishonored me, and I was powerless to wipe out the stain.

"How they took me from that room I cannot tell. It is well that I should have forgotten all that passed, until I sat by this old hearth, forty years ago, this very Christmas Eve—thinking, through the long evening, of the blow yet burning on my cheek.

"I had been struck—dishonored—how could I be avenged of my enemy? That was my one absorbing thought. Oh, how I prayed for sight!—sight but for a day. Ah! children, I asked of Heaven a miracle, to enable me to do the devil's work—revenge. But I had been bred in an iron age, and had been taught that a blow unanswered shattered honor. So I sat, while hour after hour passed by, repeating the same passionate cry—

"'Who will wipe away this stain—who will avenge me of my foe.'

"The evening waned into night; the snow fell as it is falling now—Christmas dawned upon me, seated here alone, echoing ever and anon the wild, wicked cry—

"'Who will wipe away this blow—who will avenge me of my enemy?'

"A light footstep crossed the hall; the dying fire leapt up with a sudden blaze as a light form came in sight; it knelt at my feet, and a loved voice answered my wild cry.

"'I, Martin—I, for whom the blow was given, will avenge it. Martin, Martin, they've tried hard to part us; they told me falsely of your words, your actions; I only knew how cruelly false they were this morning; and I have dared all that the world can say or do, to come to your feet and to ask you to forgive me, Martin—to take me for your staff and guide—to let me be your wife.'

"Children, on that blessed Christmas morn, God did work a miracle for me. For forty years I have never known what blindness is."

It was a touching sight to see him stretch forth his hand for her to clasp; to watch them together amid their children; the husband and wife for forty years. But Rosalie broke the silence—

"And so you forgave the blow, grandpapa!"

"There was nothing left for me to forgive, Rosy!"

"And you have clasped the hand that gave it?"

"No, Rosy, no—not yet."

"But you would?"

There was no long pause before the old soldier answered—

"Surely, my love; with all my heart."

Soon after the pleasant party broke up. As I shook hands with Miss Hazelwood she gave me another meaning smile.

"Good-night!" I said, "and may a happy Christmas dawn upon *you*."

"Good-night, Mr. Tracey, and pleasant dreams of—Florence Angell."

CHAPTER III.

She had gone before I could ask her what she meant: indeed, she had hardly left my side before I became convinced that my excited imagination had moulded some indifferent words into the shape of my thoughts, and was angry with myself for allowing fancy to play me such a freak.

But still words, real or imagined, haunted me, and I stood for a long while before the cheerful fire, and then going to the window, drew back the heavy curtains, and gazed out upon the park. The storm had ceased; not a breath of wind swayed the snow-laden branches of some noble cedars, or stirred the frozen sedges in the moat below, which glittered like a forest of fairy spears. I am not ashamed to confess that my grief mastered me, now that I was alone. Mine was no boyish passion; my eyes were wet with no idle tears; ours was no lovers' quarrel, which the safety-valve of passion could blow off. I knew that Florence was wrong, and that unless she saw and confessed it, it would be madness to hope for future happiness. I knew that I had taken the only proper course, and that my future hinged upon the doubtful contingency of a woman having the courage to confess herself in the wrong.

And if she had not—what then? I never dreamt of a selfish, life-long sorrow. Life is too precious in its privileges to be forever clouded by a remorseful memory; but I knew that some of its buoyancy would be lost, and that it would be long before I could pluck this love from my bosom, for "my heart was at its root."

So thinking, I sat by the wood-fire, until, when I last looked upon the white landscape, I thought the first rays of the wintry dawn "smote the virgin snow." Then I sought my pillow, and slept soundly, and woke refreshed. It was impossible to feel altogether unhappy on such a glorious winter's day. A fresh wind swept through the cedars, scattering showers of snow from their branches: the bells of the church, in an angle of the park, were ringing merrily, while a band of early risers were skating and sliding on the moat below.

We breakfasted in the old hall. No other room would have held our large party, swelled by recent arrivals. Rosy came down late—it seemed to be that young lady's custom—and brought in the letter-bag. And before long, we were busy breakfasting and reading letter and papers; Rosy, with a little pile of delicately scented missives before her, and Lady Hazelwood reading her husband's letters to him in a low whisper.

Suddenly, a quick exclamation from Sir Martin attracted universal attention. He seemed excited—the blind seldom have that control over their feelings which we possess; and his fingers twitched his long, silky moustaches nervously. Lady Hazelwood laid down a letter which she had been reading to him, and tried to calm him, but he turned to us all and said—

"Children, this is Christmas day. We love and honor it for no superstitious reason, but because eighteen hundred and fifty-two years ago, God came on a mission of love and mercy to this world. Children—he who cannot forgive on Christmas day, cannot enjoy it aright." He turned to Lady Haselwood. "Mary, we should have no secrets from the children—read them that letter,"

And Lady Haselwood, in a low voice, broken every now and then, read, how (it was written in a rambling fashion, and I could only hear passages)—how that, forty years of joy and sorrow, the latter preponderating, had taught him (the writer) many lessons. How that he was not ashamed, in his old age, to pray for forgiveness for the faults of his youth—and reminding his enemy that *his* life had been one of tender peace and unclouded happiness, while his (the penitent's), had been full of pitiful grief and trouble—and that one, perhaps both, might never see the dawn of another Christmas—(the old soldier bowed his head at the solemn warning)—and that their children had grown without their knowledge, to be loved cousins and friends. It concluded—

"Martin, my cousin, I do not ask you if you have forgotten that craven blow. I hope not—for I want you to forgive it. And, Martin—for so Florence will have it—this very Christmas morn, we start for Netherton Hall. If you will receive us, your carriage will be waiting for us at the station—if not, we will not blame you, but repeat this letter every Christmas morning until the pardon and the peace we seek are gained. Yours, FRANCIS ANGELL."

It was well that every eye was fixed on Sir Martin, or the start I gave when Angell's name dropped from Lady Haselwood's lips must have been noticed. But all were gazing at the old soldier. His sightless eyes went wandering round the hall, asking for Rosalie. She knew their language, and went to him; and, trembling very much, sank on the deer-skin at his feet.

"Rosalie, my child, this is your work."

We saw her lips part, but could not hear the low words they uttered. I think she asked his forgiveness, still pale and trembling. But we could all read his loving gaze better than she could, for her eyes were misty with tears. He regarded her with a look of indescribable love, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and were lost in the gray, silky beard, as he laid his hand on her head, and said—

"My love, a greater voice than mine once said—'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

And a mist came before my eyes, and hid the rest.

The secret was explained now. Rosalie and Florence were cousins and confidantes. At once I remembered that Florence had spoken several times of some distant relations, with whom, unfortunately, her father was at variance, and with one of whom, unknown to him, she corresponded. Then came the question—had Rosalie kept my secret? If so, I would see Haselwood at once, and explain, as well as I could, my abrupt departure.

The task was not so difficult as I imagined, for my host guessed at once that I avoided meeting Angell for some private reasons, which, of course, he did not seek to probe. I was hastily seeking my room, congratulating myself on my success, when I met Miss Haselwood.

"What is this I hear, Mr. Tracey?" she said, hurriedly, "that you are going to leave us?"

"In ten minutes; and yet, Miss Haselwood, I am too sad at heart to bandy compliments. Believe me, when I say, that I would give worlds if I might remain at Netherton Hall to-day."

"Then why leave us?" she asked, gravely.

I stammered out—

"I thought—I fancied, you possessed my secret."

"And if I do know something of a hasty quarrel, what then? You have seen one healed this morning of nearly half a century's standing."

I shook my head.

"Come, Mr. Tracey, think how strange was your coming here, and Florence following you. I do not like to speak lightly of serious things, but I might not be wrong in calling it providential. Come, Mr. Tracey, I beg of you to stay for your own—for Florence's sake."

But I still shook my head.

"Your are mad—you lovers. Mad."

She was quite angry now.

"You'll wait until you are gray, and Florence ugly."

"Pardon me—no time can effect that change."

"Nonsense! and then you'll forgive one another, and mutually regret your wasted lives."

"My dear Miss Haselwood, thank you a thousand times; would to Heaven that I dared take your advice; but regard for myself—above all, for Florence, whom I love Heaven knows how truly—must prevent my waiting her arrival here to-day."

She began to cry. The true woman! She ran up the woman's gamut of persuasion, and struck the last note bravely. "It is too bad of you, Mr. Tracey. I would have kept poor Florence's secret, but you will not let me. Here you are talking platitudes—that's the term, I think—about respect and honor, while the poor girl is breaking her heart for you, and longing to confess her fault. Why, I am sure I cannot guess." True woman again! She saw she had shaken my resolution, and so relapsed into the satirical.

"If this be possible!" I cried.

"Mr. Tracey"—she was indignant now—"will you doubt my word, and compel me to produce Florence's letters?"

"My dear Miss Haselwood, pardon me. You are—a—an angel, too." I was half inclined to go down on my knees to her: as it was, I kissed her little hand warmly, and, in the midst of my demonstrations of gratitude, as ill luck would have it, in came Haselwood and his wife.

"Hum!" said my host, with rather a blank face: "Kate is very sorry to lose you, Mr. Tracey, but—"

"My dear sir, I have another favor now to ask you. Will you let me postpone my leave-taking for an hour or so, perhaps for a few days." He still looked rather blank, was thinking of Rosy, perhaps. "It—it is somewhat difficult for me to explain it to you as easily as Miss Rosalie is doing to Mrs. Haselwood, but, in short, if you will give me house-room until Florence Angell decides my fate for the second time, I shall—"

He saw it all at once. These country folks have a wonderful knack of comprehending love matters, and Mrs. Haselwood coming up to me with a thousand kind wishes beaming from her face, the squire ran over the house declaring that our adventure on Christmas was the most wonderful thing he had ever heard of, and quite providential.

An hour later, when Florence Angell was sobbing her sorrow and contrition in my arms, I thought so too.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

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FRAZER RIVER.

The discovery of gold at Frazer River, in the British Possessions, has set all California on a stampede. San Francisco has lost a large portion of her population, and Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton, and other towns have been "thinned out" extensively. Upwards of twenty thousand persons, it is said, of all classes, have dropped their customary occupations, and rushed to the new mines. Trade and commerce in San Francisco have received an unexpected and welcome stimulus in consequence of the discovery. The extensive shipments of provisions from the Eastern cities, which many persons feared were going to prove ruinous to the consignees, have arrived just in time to supply the new demand, and being sold at an enormous advance, have made small fortunes for many merchants, and saved many others from impending bankruptcy. On the other hand, owners of, and speculators in, real estate have suffered. The sign "To Let" occurs with ominous frequency in the Californian cities. Numbers of stores and workshops are closed, and houses which rented for a thousand dollars a month, are now offered for thirty. The newspapers have been severely affected. Several of them have stopped, and others have removed their types and presses to places nearer the new gold diggings. These violent mutations extend, of course, to the Californian mining districts. Whole camps are deserted, diggings that cost thousands go begging for purchasers, unclaimed tools and utensils lie about empty cabins everywhere.—The newly-arrived Chinamen, two thousand of whom came in last month from the Central Flowery Kingdom, look upon all this with extreme satisfaction, for no sooner do the white miners clear out, than the Chinamen move in, and the deserted cabins, claims and tools, become their possessions. Canny John Chinaman has good reason to rejoice that the Frazer River gold-bug has bitten so many of the "Foreign Devils." Bitten they are, indeed, for never was wilder gold mania than now rages among the Californians.

Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, seems to be the centre to which all these lines of gold-seekers converge. A great number of persons have gone there to become permanent residents, and considerable capital has already been invested in town lots. Eight thousand dollars is the sum mentioned as the price the best situated lots, 60 by 120 feet in size, command. These lots are sold by the Hudson's Bay Company. The buyers are formed in lines at the fort doors, and it is said that to secure good places—first comers having the first choice—they get up at daybreak to be at their posts—daybreak in those latitudes being about half-past two o'clock in the morning.

The British Governor, Douglas, has adopted a license system, which gives each miner the right to dig for gold in the Frazer river districts, and fixes the extent of a "claim" at twelve feet square. This the miners consider ridiculously small, and already there is talk of troubles breeding between the miners and the Governor—who represents both the British Government and the Hudson's Bay Company. Only a thousand licenses had been issued previous to the 25th of June, though it was thought upwards of four thousand miners had gone up to the diggings. In one instance the Hudson's Bay Company had seized the mining tools of a party on Hill's bar, who had violated the law of trafficking, and the miners were in great indignation in consequence.

All kinds of stories are current regarding the richness of the gold region. J. W. Mandeville, United States Surveyor General, has a letter from a friend, dated at the mouth of Thompson's river, which says that the writer dug 9700 the first day he worked there. An Indian is reported to have arrived at Victoria with twenty-three pounds of pure gold which he dug in twenty days. John B. Zane, of San Francisco, says he saw at Victoria some seventy-five men from the mines, all of whom gave the most favorable accounts of the diggings, stating that men could make from ten to one hundred dollars a day. Three miners told Zane, to whom they sold some gold dust, that they had made in nineteen days a thousand dollars apiece, and would have remained but for want of provisions. An old trapper named Emery, said he made $300 in one day, and if he had had proper tools, would have made $1,500. These are fair specimens of the stories in circulation regarding the new gold mines.

How true they are, or how false, who shall say? Persons are not wanting who denounce the whole thing as an unmitigated humbug, asserting that although there may be gold in the region, it is not in sufficient quantity to warrant these big stories, which they aver, are got up and circulated by the enterprising speculators in town lots at Victoria. However this may be, it must at anyrate be conceded that Baron Munchausen is at Frazer's River, writing letters to the *San Joaquin Republican*. In a copy of that paper for June 23rd, the Baron—for it can be no other than the Baron—says that a man can make $150 a day, *and do nothing*. For, continues the Baron, gold is not only in the sand, but in the river water, and in vast quantities. How, then, must the miner who would make $150 a day and do nothing, proceed? Truly, he must only make for himself a pair of sheepskin stockings, which, like the breeches of Bryan O'Linn in the ballad, must be worn "with the woolly side out and the skinny side in." These famous stockings must be saturated in quicksilver during the night, and in the morning the luxurious miner, putting them on, must take his seat on a rock and immerse his feet in an eddy of the river, "favorable to precipitation." Here having sat all day in delicious idleness, lulled with auriferous visions, at night let him rinse his stockings, and find in the rinsings $150 in gold dust. "Much judgment," gravely adds the Baron, "is required in selecting an eddy for operation, and a good deal of skill is requisite in performing the saturation properly, while great critical nicety is necessary in the manner in which you hold your feet, perfect immovability being one condition of success." Probably.

The gold, it seems, is to be found chiefly in the bars of the Frazer River, and as the river is at present very high, a great many miners are in Victoria waiting for it to fall. Another reason why operations do not proceed with more activity, is that many of the miners are waiting to see if an overland trail can be struck for the diggings, or if they must go by water. Meanwhile, a multitude of miners were at work at dry and wet diggings, in various localities. All persons having tools, provisions, and clothing to sell, and the proprietors of steamers (nine of which run every two weeks, with five hundred passengers, from San Francisco to Vancouver's Island,) are making their fortunes. Wallace, of the house of Hughes & Wallace, San Francisco, is said to have purchased for speculation one half the town lots in Victoria. Joseph, of the firm of Joseph & Brothers, is also reported as a heavy purchaser of lots. And Sam Wo & Co., and Hop Kee & Co., the Chinese merchants, have purchased a whole square for Chinese purposes. The speculation in town lots is stupendous, and it must be that the World-Soul, as Emerson calls the secular force that works in men and things, intends to populate those Pacific solitudes. Already the aboriginal silence is invaded; the industrial horde is swarming in those primeval woods, by those primeval streams; the cities and towns of the civilizee are rising, as by magic, from the earth; and the forests, of which the trapper, the trader, and the Indian were the only denizens, begin to melt, with them, away.

NOT COMFORTABLE.

We confess to being somewhat amused at a reason recently given, we know not with how much authority, for the matrimonial separation of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. It was said that they "did not *feel comfortable* in the presence of each other's friends." If such a justification were once allowed, we probably should soon have amusing times of it. That highly respectable old gentleman, Mr. Brown, might be found cutting loose from his equally respectable lady, on the ground that they could not "feel comfortable" with the same amount of bed-covers—or even in the same dwelling; Mr. Brown preferring a cottage orné in the country, while Mrs. B. felt decidedly more "comfortable" in a residence in the city. It is probably very seldom the case in married life that the two parties are perfectly attuned; we have even known instances of very "well-assorted couples," where one was so far gone as to like sap-sago cheese and cod-fish, to which articles the other reasonably had the greatest aversion. These disagreements are generally managed either by one party giving up its liking, or by the other tolerating the occasional presence of the disliked article or person. In this way, by a total yielding on one side, or by a mutual compromise, the rock on which the bark of a happy wedded life might split, is either removed or sailed around.

We confess that, in our view, it is something to be deeply regretted, that writers like Mr. Dickens and Mr. Bulwer—and especially the former—who know so well to point the road that wedded couples should travel, should have found it necessary to make a public confession of their own incapacity to live the lives they teach. We know that there is a very great difference between preaching and practising—and yet it is so pleasant to find men of a superior mould acting out in their lives what they have taught with their pens. But that human nature is very weak and fallible, we do not require such recent instances to prove.

After all, it is in his actions more than in his words, that we perceive what *every* man truly is. Many a sinner can talk like a saint—but the life puts the virtue to the test, and proves whether it be the sham or the real article.—There is something too much, however, in these latter days, of a disposition to accept mere empty words for genuine solid deeds.—An able man makes an eloquent speech, or writes a beautiful poem—and we are too much disposed to think he is necessarily as noble as his words would seem to signify. We elevate the eloquent orator to a high office, and place the golden-tongued poet on a high pedestal in our ideal temple—when lo, some selfish or sordid deed proves to us that we have sadly overrated our men.

It were well that we should bestow our admiration more sensibly. When a man gives us brave words, let us take them for what they are, brave words—but not suppose that he necessarily is as brave and generous as they are. His actions must prove what he is. And, on the other hand, as to those many truly noble men who are now in a great degree eclipsed by their more wordy brethren—let us not hold them less worthy than men of far inferior organizations, simply because their only talk is deeds. For while we must admit that the very highest class of men are equal alike to all the needs both of speech and action; yet, on the other hand, Franklin was no eloquent speech-maker, nor Jefferson, nor Wellington, nor Napoleon, nor even Washington.

ANOTHER RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.—We perceive that a Mr. MacRae, claiming to be "the American horse-tamer," is out in an advertisement in the London papers, challenging Mr. Rarey in the sum of twelve hundred pounds to come forward and prove that their systems are in any respect different. MacRae gives a list of patrons, including one M. P. and several Honorables, Lieutenants, Captains, &c.; and offers to forward "full instructions in the art, embracing every detail of this famous system, on receipt of 5s."

The peculiar device of Mr. Rarey's treatment is simply the mode of tying up the fore-foot, as given to our readers several weeks ago. All the rest appears to be merely kind and cautious treatment, commended to the respect of the horse by an occasional cut of the whip. The greater part of Mr. Rarey's success doubtless has its origin in his own peculiar skill—and he can no more teach it to men who have not similar gifts, than a great painter can teach his pupils to paint like himself. Still he has done and will do great good, by showing that the victory over the most obstinate horse-flesh can be won by gentleness, great patience, and occasional good-tempered severity.

THE DIVINING ROD.—A good test of the truth of the Divining Rod is suggested in the *Country Gentleman*—to lead the operator blindfolded over the same ground where he has been experimenting with his eyes open. A case is given where this simple test was recently applied, to the confounding of those who believed in the virtue of the rod.

We remember once experimenting with a divining rod, in our own hands, to the considerable increase of our faith in the powers of that instrument. We used simply a forked rod of the apple tree, of the same year's growth. It appeared to us that the strong downward dip of the point of the rod in certain places was even against our own will. And yet it may all have been a delusion of that potent deceiver, the imagination. The blindfold test is a fair one, and we should be willing to stake our belief on the result of such an experiment.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

DOWAGIAC, Michigan, July 23rd, 1858.

Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

DEAR SIR:—It is now more than a month since I left our goodly city of right-angles, and we have been nearly three weeks in this our Western resting-place,—but I feel hardly yet well over the hot, palpitating fatigue of the long journey hither—the strain and quiver of the steamboats' iron muscles, the jolting and wrenching of omnibus and hack, and the merciless, monotonous, fine rack of the "Iron Horse."

Just as the real, indubitable summer weather came on—days of cloudless, burning sunshine, intensified to an intolerable degree, by miles on miles of glaring white shutters and polished marble steps—nights of suffocating stillness, of a close, feathery warmth, as of mighty Condor wings brooding over us, then did I, hastily packing up my garments, and snatching up my treasure—(about thirty pounds of precious babyhood)—flee as before the breath of the Sirocco. I have all due reverence for Shadrach and his sturdy comrades—for Saint Lawrence and *La Pucelle*, but I can't—I may as well own it—I can't stand fire. Therefore do I every summer, like Daphne, flee before Phœbus Apollo to forests and river-sides, there to vegetate at mine ease as a "greenwood bay-tree."

I first took a northward direction; arrived in New York. I immediately took passage on the noble Hudson steamer, "*New World*," for Albany. The New York friend to whom I had written to meet me, failing to present himself to my expectant eyes, (I have since heard, to my melancholy satisfaction, that he did not get my letter till I had come and gone) I found that I had three or four hours on my hands, to shuffle off as best I could—not time enough to visit up-town friends, but to discuss very comfortably a dinner at Thompson's, and to see a little of "Vanity Fair." I first, with my dear incumbrance, made my difficult and perilous way through the dirt and crowd of Courtlandt Street—then hailed an omnibus, was hauled on board, and plunged into the rush and roar of the rapids of Broadway. One after another, as our stout craft beat her way up the mighty, surging stream, I recognized the old familiar landmarks. Now like a painted Jezabel standing by the wayside, flared and blared upon us the old gaudy temple of shams and shows, presided over by the great high-priest of Yankee humbug, Barnum, the invincible, the indestructible—the modern Antæus, who has but to fall, to gather strength for a new struggle with Luck, another victorious spring at the very throat of Fortune. Now the Astor, once the monarch of new world caravansaries, the Aladdin's palace of country merchants,—now the Park, that absurd little mushroomer, with its fountain, which Mrs. Partington would probably class among the "out-squirts" of the city—and now, Stewart's—the stately temple of elegance and fancy, wherein the fair votaries of fashion "most do congregate." Its counters are the altars on which they too often sacrifice comfort, economy, domestic peace, conscience and common sense.

All these landmarks have been so little changed since I first visited New York, that the sight of them seemed to annihilate time and lay to sleep all intervening memories and experiences. I was again an unsophisticated, but enterprising young woman from the rural districts—with a green sprig in my hat, worn as I fondly supposed, *ad rem*, but patent, I dare say, to all metropolitan eyes—outwardly brave and assured perhaps, but inwardly quaking with strange fears and dire forebodings—a most unpromising specimen of the literary adventuress—a sort of female Whittington, seeking her fortune in the great metropolis, with a very faint-hearted little *mew* as her sole companion and dependence.

I strove now to look on the same objects with the same half-childlike eyes, eager for novelties, marvels and grandeurs—to banish utterly all overshadowing and dwarfing memories of Regent street, the Strand, Charing Cross, the Boulevards, the Rue Rivoli, Westminster, the Louvre, St. Paul's, Notre Dame, St. Peter's—and to call myself back to the hour when Broadway first unrolled itself to my view, a panorama of unequalled architectural grandeur and splendor, a fitting entrance to that great world of beautiful and grand possibilities, yet veiled, but scarcely hidden from my sight by the golden mists of poetry and romance—and I succeeded so well that I was more than startled, I was absolutely shocked when a stranger at my side, addressed me with—"It is almost twenty years since I saw you last." Good heavens! am I then so old? was my first thought,—my next—Who is he? But I only replied with an interrogative and astonished "Sir?" to the very kindly-looking gentleman who sat opposite me. "Are you not Mrs. L——?" "Y-e-s," I replied, finding it difficult to realize the fact, after my imaginary rejuvenation, even with the help of the other stubborn fact, the little witness on my knee. The gentleman proceeded to explain that he had known me, as a young school-girl, at Rochester, the year before we left that city, which was in 1843—so our friend exaggerated a little. Yet it was a long time to remember a face so well, as I told him, whose name I had almost forgotten. Just as his features were growing familiar to me again, our lumbering craft lay to, he was put on shore, and I saw him no more. I, with my precious baggage, made Thompson's Saloon, where we dined in solitary state, much to the delight of the little damsel, who had half a table, half a dinner, and half a waiter to herself. Our repast being ended, we strolled down Broadway, looking in at shopwindows, eying dandies and belles, "nobs" and "swells"—coolly airing our greenness, as a curious mother and daughter from our "provincial town" might be expected to do. Will Philadelphia ever equal New York in the frightful noise and hurry of its trade, travel and commerce? Will any one of our streets ever present such a confused, fantastic, splendid and fearful fever-dream of human life as Broadway? Heaven and the placid spirit of Penn, sitting in the eternal "quiet," forbid!

After reaching the boat, we panted away the remainder of the breathless afternoon in disgust and weariness, till the heavenly moment when the boat put off. We had a magnificent sunset and a cool, refreshing evening. When, at last freed from attendance on my little liege lady, who wild with the excitement of travel was long in succumbing to sleep, it was late; yet tired as I was, I went on deck for an hour—an hour of solitary, dreamy, delicious enjoyment. A faint mist obscured the light of the young moon, and partially hid the dark mountainous shore. Out of its silvery veil shimmered almost momently the beautiful full-sailed sloops of the Hudson, silent, gliding, ghost-like shapes, which seemed to be evolved from that spectral mist, and to be absorbed into it again. There was something so strange and wierd-like about them, that it was not difficult to fancy them phantom-barques, bound for some beautiful enchanted shore,

"Some unimagined isle in the far seas."

Again my thoughts went back, back to my first voyage up the Hudson; when the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube unbeheld, the girl's fresh heart and ardent enthusiasm were filled and exalted by the wondrous natural beauty of the river, and by all the associations, historic and romantic, which belong to it. When I eagerly traced the scenes of Irving's legends, of Drake's "Culprit Fay," of the dark story of Arnold's treachery and Andre's fate;—when I felt my soul now kindled by patriotic pride, now by wild dreams of poetic fame, of brave effort, and noble attainment, of happiness and power—the fiery fantasies, the beautiful insanities of youth and hope, energy and passionate unrest.

Before I could draw "odious comparisons" between myself of this pale, misty night, and that sunny summer day, long years ago, a sweet care stirred at my heart. My baby-girl might wake and want me. The ghosts of my early hopes and dreams come to remind me of all I had lost and missed, of all I had failed to be and to do, fled away before a holier presence, and I fell asleep at peace with the past, and content with the present—happier than a young May-queen, prouder and richer than a childless empress. Ah, there is nothing like a child to put in the scale against the pomps and vanities in which we once took delight. The useless little creature who has in its gift neither power, nor privilege, fame nor fortune, has yet a mighty miraculous weight to weigh down the world. Divine compensation, infinite recompense!

At Albany I spent a few days very quietly with my brother and sister, then being joined by my mother, proceeded to Utica, where we spent a week with our kindred, enjoying to the utmost the charming society of that beautiful city. We then went on to Syracuse, where also we stopped with one of our clan, the name of our New York cousins being "legion."

From this point my mother and I made a prilgrimage some eighteen miles into the country, to our old home and my birth-place, which neither of us had seen for somewhat more than twenty years. In another letter, I shall take the liberty of giving you some account of a visit, to us full of strange and profound interest—a brief retrospection, a rapid re-living of the life of years—a rejuvenation of the heart—"a revival season" of old affections—a "powerful awakening" of memories "pleasant and mournful to the soul."

Owing to the time occupied in this *detour*, we were able to see but little of Syracuse—but that little we liked immensely, and we left the place and the kind friends therein most reluctantly.

At Syracuse my husband joined us, and, a complete family party, we swept on to Niagara, where we slept that night, with the roar of the great falls for a lullaby. That same roar has always seemed to me to be somewhat of "a popular *fall*-acy;" and the old geographer who states that "it can be distinctly heard at the distance of twenty miles," an authority of the Munchausen order. At all events, on this particular night, the lion of cataracts "roared us gently;"—not even into our dreams entered the surge and shock of the plunging, suicidal sea. Yet when I woke in the early morning my rested ear recognized the sound, ceaseless, motionless, yet unspeakably solumn—a fine, vibrant thunder, filling and permeating all the air, itself audible air, which the dull, or accustomed ear takes in without perceiving. It is a sound, which, it seemed to me, can be like nothing so much as the utter, awful *silence* of the great Desert, or an arctic solitude.

I looked out through a western window, and beheld the mighty organ of rock and flood, making of the wide area and far heights of its ascending sound a sublime cathedral. For incense, rise eternal columns of spray, and for the gorgeous lights of stained windows are glorious rainbows, transfigured sunlight and moonlight. For worshippers, it has "a multitude whom no man can number," pilgrims of all nations, kindred and tongues. It is the only true Catholic cathedral in the world.

We took the earliest morning train for Detroit—not having time for a nearer view of the Falls than we could get from the bridge in crossing over. The glory of the cataract was somewhat obscured by a sudden shower of rain, yet even through that veil it was as ever a grand and fearful sight—a sublime image of doom, of eternal force, of beauty and terror and divine prodigality, a majestic, unapproachable type of the might of the Creator, as is the sea of the awful mystery, the unsoundable secret of his being.

Beneath us surged and swirled and foamed the rapids, as though raging at man's daring, in coolly swinging himself over their heads, safe from their clutching and gnashing, and delirious leaps down jagged rocks—safe from the slow death-suck of the black whirlpool which lies in wait below.

With a thrill of fearful exultation, I realized it then—that splendid, audacious leap of human science, from precipice to precipice, across Acheron, Tartarus, "the hell of waters."

No route I have ever travelled over has seemed to me so miserably monotonous, "stale, flat and unprofitable," as this of the "Great Western." But we got over it at last, and found ourselves in Detroit, hungry, weary and as full of dust as a set of puff-balls. Yet we found that so great were the virtues of cold water, hot tea, and a good supper, that we felt ourselves strong and brave enough to forego a night's and Sabbath day's rest in Detroit, and to take the evening train for this place. We found this part of our journey decidedly more comfortable than any which we had taken by day, as we had neither dust nor extreme heat to annoy us.

For the greater part of the way I sat alone on a sofa in the saloon, with my baby asleep on my lap, looking out upon the flying night—upon the spectral dance of telegraph-poles and white farm-houses, and the mad race of black, gigantic trees. I now and then made convulsive snatches at the skirts of sleep, but I never once had the capricious angel fast in my embrace. But I slept gloriously by proxy; my little daughter being so deep in dreamland that the demoniac shriek of the steam-whistle disturbed her no more than would the chirp of a household cricket.

At last I gave over all attempts at, or thought of slumber, and contented myself with watching the out-going of the stars and the incoming of the dawn—the tides of day slowly creeping up the shores of night. A whole sunrise is so seldom seen by most people, except under unpleasant circumstances of hurried travel or illness, that our associations with it are somewhat comfortless and sad. Yet it is in truth a joyful and glorious event, all as wonderful as a first creation. I was resolved that on this morning, I would wait patiently and watch reverently through all the solemn and mystic rites with which God would inaugurate His day.

First, in the East, the black clouds began to waver and lift, by almost imperceptible degrees, until for a space, the mighty curtain of the dark was unrolled. For awhile, all was indistinct, misty and gray—an expectant silence and void.

With slow pomp and stately delay came the sun, on his triumphant march;—he first sent up some scattered gleams, scouts and heralds of light—then rose above the horizon a group of flashing rays, like the spear-points of an advancing guard—then he came, mounting the steep of the world, and stood forth in the intolerable splendor of his majesty, under cloud-banners of purple and gold, and from his burnished shield flashed awakening light over half the globe.

Few might be the human eyes which would watch the first stages of that triumphal progress, but I thought of the multitude of mute creatures who would hail his coming with a loyal joy of life; of millions of birds who would stir in their nests and welcome his beneficent beams with half-slumberous chirps and coos, and melodious trills and gurgles of delight—of millions on millions of insects, fluttering and palpitating in the warmth which sends fine raptures through their exquisite tissues, in the light which paints new glories on their airy wings.

Shortly after sunrise, we passed a melancholy, desponding little lake, sunk in dismal mire, and half-choked by a rank growth of aquatic weeds. From its dark surface the morning mist was rising, in separate columns, strange, spectral shapes. "Fevers and agues, getting up for the day," thinks I to myself.

Before six o'clock we found ourselves at Dowagiac, (have you sufficient aboriginal genius to pronounce that word?) where happy, cordial faces, warm welcomes in kindred voices, love and rest awaited us.

At length, adieu!

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

RAILROADS AND BANKS.

One of the English railways recently was mulcted in $10,000 damages, for having publicly posted, through false information, the stoppage of the Lowes Bank. The result was a run upon the bank, to meet which it was forced to sell certain securities at a serious loss. A simple communication of the supposed fact to the officers of the railroad, would have been held to be privileged.

Apropos to the above decision, we copy the following anecdote, which we derive, oddly enough, from a correspondent of the *Buffalo Express*:—

——— K., the President of a Pennsylvania Railroad (a Friend) during the confusion and panic last fall, called upon the W——— Bank, with which the road had kept a large, regular account, and asked for an extension of a part of its paper falling due in a few days. The Bank President replied rather abruptly, saying, in a tone common with the fraternity:

"Mr. K., your paper must be paid at maturity. We cannot renew it."

"Very well," our Quaker replied, and left the Bank. But he did not let the matter drop here. On leaving the Bank, he walked quietly over to the depot and telegraphed all the agents and conductors on the Road, to refuse the notes of the W——— Bank. In a few hours the trains began to arrive, full of the panic, and bringing the news of distrust of the W——— Bank all along the line of the road. Stockholders and depositors flocked into the Bank, increasing the panic, inquiring "What's the matter?" "Is the Bank broke?" A little inquiry by the officers showed that the trouble originated in the rejection of the bills by the Railroad. The President seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office, and came bustling in with the inquiry:

"Mr. K., have you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Why is this? It will ruin us."

"Well, friend L———, I supposed thy Bank was about to fail, as thee could not renew a little paper for us this morning."

It is needless to say, Mr. L——— renewed all the Quaker's paper, and enlarged his line of discount, while the magic wires carried all along the road, to every agent, the sedative message, "The W——— Bank is all right. Thee may take its currency."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TYRANNY FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPING—A GRACIOUS PERMISSION—IMPERIAL VISITINGS—PARIS DESERTED—A MODERN MIRACLE—HOW MILLIONS ARE GAINED.

Paris, July 8, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

So cold a July as the present is considered as being quite as "phenomenal" as was the intense, scorching heat of last month. Warm clothes are in great request, and a little fire is far from disagreeable. Colds and coughs abound, and everybody is abusing the unaccountable caprices of the upper regions that inflict on their victims the horrors of Milton's *Inferno*. The Emperor is still at Plombieres, whence he has just issued a decree authorizing the city of Lille to "enlarge itself," and appointing a Commissioner to lay out the new streets, squares and boulevards which are now to be added to that old fortified seat of lace-making and linen-weaving industries. An additional tax on the good folk of this ancient town will defray the proposed enlargement and beautification of their "habitat."

The Empress and the "Infant of France" have been to visit old Jerome, who is just now at the pleasant chateau of Meudon, a few miles from St. Cloud. A grand dinner was given by the ex-Majesty of the First Empire to the Majesty of the present one; and a ball, after the dinner, at which a great number of guests were present. Between the dinner and dancing her graceful Majesty walked in the gardens, with the little boy, to the great delight of the people of the neighborhood, who were admitted into the grounds, and gratified with a view of the Imperial party. The grounds and palace were beautifully illuminated in honor of the occasion.

Through the many years of my residence in Paris, I have never seen the streets of this city—generally swarming with English and Americans at this season—so empty as they are this summer. The streets seem almost deserted; even the Boulevard shows but a thin sprinkling of loungers; and the gardens, instead of being crammed so that, at certain hours, they became absolutely disagreeable to all who are not born to a French passion for being squeezed in a crowd, are fairly deserted. The contrast between the sparseness and the lassitude of the passers here, and the crowding and hurrying that make the thoroughfares of London so curious and exciting a spectacle, is really very striking. The only part of Paris that maintains just now something of its usual physiognomy, is the Bourse. This temple of Speculation and Jobbery is crowded as of old, and the loud hum of voices under its "pillared colonnades" sounds like the music of a large market, or a score or two of Sunday Schools rolled into one. The double rows of large chestnut trees (spoken of in a former letter) which have recently been removed bodily from their native woods, and planted about this large and handsome mass of stone, are flourishing most satisfactorily. Their foliage is, perhaps, not quite so full and luxuriant as we may hope it will be next year; but it is by no means thin or weakly. The leaves look fresh, firm and healthy, and the boughs are growing with evident vigor and good intent. These trees are about twenty-five feet high; they were transplanted by means of machinery, with a large quantity of their native earth, carefully preserved intact, about their roots, and planted at once in the holes ready prepared for their reception. The trunks have been carefully done up in moss, to the thickness of a few inches, from the ground to the shoulders of the branches. Outside the coating of moss is a covering of line, carefully contrived to keep the moss in place, and wound round with cord. A circular zinc pan, at the top and bottom of this covering, is filled with water, keeping the moss slightly moist; trees thus removed needing an extra supply of moisture to keep them in health. The experiment has excited much interest, as this method of proceeding enables the gardener to create, in a few days, a grove that would require the lapse of many years to bring to maturity by the ordinary methods. It appears to have been most perfectly successful.

This mention of the Exchange brings me back naturally to the exploits of M. Millaud, the great capitalist who has amassed his millions on the asphalte pavement of this building, and whose first step in the erection of his fortune was mentioned in my last.

During the early operations of this financial celebrity, while speculating with the 20,000 francs gained through the ingenious comedy performed by him in the bureau of the Minister of the Interior, Millaud was often so short of cash as to be utterly unable to pay for his dinner. In order to parry this difficulty he used to wear a pair of gold spectacles, which he by no means needed as aids to eyesight, but of which he happened to be the possessor, and consequently was desirous to turn to account. He is, let me say *en passant*, a particularly ugly man, with heavy sensual features, and one who has an especial appreciation of the pleasures and advantages of the table. Poor as he was, he would never enter any but the best *restaurants*, where, without a sou in his pocket, he would comfortably seat himself in the farthest corner of the saloon, and call for the most *recherché* dish he could think of. When his repast was over, he would call for the bill, with the air of a man possessed of abundant means. The bill laid before him, he would carelessly put his hand in his pocket as though to draw out his purse; when he would change countenance, as he rummaged in one pocket after the other, and assuming an air of great vexation and embarrassment, would declare that he found he had forgotten to put his *portemonnaie* in his pocket, and that he actually had not a penny with him. "It is a most annoying thing!" he would exclaim; "I live so far from here that I could not think of troubling you to send for it; and besides, my servant is gone out on business, and will not be home until night. *Mon Dieu!* what can I do? I am inexpressibly annoyed, and cannot imagine how I could have neglected to bring my pocket-book with me." Then suddenly, as though a thought had struck him, he would say, "Ah, I have it! here are my spectacles (taking them off;) they are literally the only thing I have about me; they are in fine gold as you see, the frame alone is worth thirty or forty francs. I will leave these with the lady at the counter until to-morrow, when I will call in and pay the bill. My good fellow," he would add, giving them to the waiter, "explain the matter to madame; tell her I am *désolé* at this *contretemps*, and beg her to keep the glasses until I can bring her the amount of my bill." The waiter having explained the embarrassment of the "monsieur who has just dined," the lady at the counter consents to take charge of the spectacles, and the guest now leaves his corner, and makes for the door. In doing this, he purposely upsets two or three chairs, one after the other, as he goes by feeling his way, and making voluble apologies each time, "he is unfortunately so near-sighted;" and in passing by the table on which the glasses and plates are piled, ready for the service of the room, he manages to run against it, upsetting a lot of crockery that falls to the ground with a terrible crash. "I am most unlucky," he cries, in well-feigned distress and alarm, "you must set down these dishes to my account, for I am really so lost without my glasses, that I cannot see where I am going!" As he approaches the counter, where the presiding deity is in an agony lest he should do some more mischief before he reaches the door, he contrives to pitch full tilt into a waiter who has just deposited his viands on a neighboring table: again expressing his regrets at his short sightedness. In short, he has managed so well that all the room is in commotion; and the mistress of the place, dismayed at the troubles the guest is getting into, and afraid to let him go off into the street in such a state of helplessness, whispers to the clerk, "What are we to do? We can't let this unfortunate gentleman go off in this way; he will be run over at the very first turning. We must take his address, and give him back his spectacles. We can't run the risk of his being killed, as he certainly will be, if we let him go out of the house without them." So when he feels his way to the counter, the lady tells him to take his glasses; he refuses, she insists. "But, madame, you do not know me; I am a stranger to you, and really I cannot think of allowing you to extend this credit to me. I am sufficiently annoyed to think of the mischief I have done to your crockery, which, however, you will be good enough to put down to my account with the amount of my bill; and I really cannot consent to take back my glasses, (which, as you are aware, are worth a considerable sum) until I have been able to return home, and provide myself with the funds which I have left behind me by some unaccountable forgetfulness. It is true that I am almost blind without these glasses: but *que voulez-vous?* I dare say I shall manage to find my way somehow or other."

So saying, he makes a step hesitatingly towards the door. "No, no, monsieur!" cries the landlady, "you will give me your address, and meantime I must insist on you taking back your glasses. In your position it would be absolute madness to attempt to cross the Boulevard without them." And the lady forces the glasses on the reluctant visitor, who yields at length, and takes his leave, with many thanks for her kindness, and abundant protestations of annoyance and regret.

On the following day the incipient capitalist would repeat this same scene in another quarter of the town; and so on until a turn of the wheel brought him some cash, when he would pay up the bills thus accumulated, and put away his spectacles to employ them again in other directions as soon as he should again find himself without funds for the purchase of a dinner.

Constantly haunting the Exchange, excessively shrewd, and generally successful in the operations he managed to make, Millaud gradually became known as a "successful" operator, and many persons confided small sums to him to operate with on their account. Gradually amassing a capital of his own in this way (for he took care to pay himself handsomely for every stroke of business he did for his clients,) he presently contrived, with the aid of another adventurer, now a richer capitalist than himself—Mirès—to found the "*Railway Journal*," which, being really a useful thing, had at once a great success, and began to pay its editors handsomely. But the greater part of the profits accruing from the new journal resulted from the brazen determination with which it puffed the lines whose managers paid "black mail" to its founder, depreciating those that did not. In this way both Millaud and Mirès levying immense sums on the companies whose stock they could raise or depress at pleasure, and being supported by a large subscription-list, were now able to launch out boldly in stock-jobbing, and ventured on many extensive operations in which they were sometimes successful, sometimes the reverse. At length, having lost all that they had gained by an unsuccessful venture, they found themselves unable to meet a payment of 40,000 francs, due in three days, and saw bankruptcy, apparently inevitable, staring them in the face, when a lucky speculation which they found means to make, brought them in a gain of four millions, and thus laid the foundation of their future fortunes. The pair, however, quarrelled over their booty; and separated, each with a couple of millions with which to begin the world anew. Mirès embarked in various speculations that have proved highly successful, and he is now at the head of the vast changes that are intended to raise the port and city of Marseilles to the rank of a great commercial centre.

As for Millaud, feeling the importance of having the command of the press to puff his own enterprises and to depreciate those of his neighbors, he managed to get hold of *La Paix*, into the editorship of which journal he inducted M. de Lamartine, whose reputation, he considered, would "make" the literary character of that paper. This arrangement was terminated, after a few years, by the purchase of the *Paix* by the French Government, when Lamartine relinquished his literary connection with it.—But it had done good service to the astute financier meanwhile.

Having lost the command of the "*Paix*," Millaud managed to get into the interest of other journals, which he made use of to puff speculations in which he successively embarked. Meantime, another clever speculator, with more talent than money, whose career has, on the whole, been less disheartable than that of some of his fellow-adventurers in the pursuit of millions, had invited a well-known writer here (with a brilliant pen and an empty pocket, now possessed of nearly a million,) to join him in setting up a small daily to be called "*The Exchange Journal*," and destined to give information on all points connected with railways, and railway stock. This journal was a great success; and country subscribers soon began to send sums of money to its editors, begging them to invest for them according to their judgment. Such being the course of public sympathy, the two adventurers put an advertisement into their paper, stating that they had opened an agency for the purchase and sale of railway stock, and were prepared to employ, for the convenience of their subscribers, "the unrivalled facilities for safe and profitable investment afforded them by their editorial position in the *Railway Journal*," &c., &c. The literary editor of the *Railway Journal* being also one of the principal writers in one of the leading dailies here, was able adroitly to make this other and much more weighty paper serve the interests of the speculative journal which he helped to edit. In this way the pair were really able to command a wide circle of publicity, and to act on a very numerous public. It is a fact worth noting, as an indication of the fever of speculation that has seized on French society in our day, that within one week of the appearance of this advertisement, the two associates found themselves in possession of ten millions of francs, the amount furnished by the credulity and cupidity of their country subscribers!

Hardly able to believe the evidence of their senses, yet actually in possession of this sum, the co-editors commenced speculating on a colossal scale. Able to puff, to their hearts' content, the enterprises they embarked in, they succeeded for a time in everything they undertook; but a reverse of fortune plunged them into all the horrors of failure, and they were about to make their escape into Belgium, leaving their affairs in ruin, when M. Millaud, getting wind of the state of matters, and impatient to be again in possession of a journal of his own, proposed to take the "*Exchange Journal*" and its agency off their hands. His offer being accepted, he assumed the conduct of their affairs, got them into order, paid off the creditors, took possession of the journal, and converted the agency into the institution now known as the "*Caisse Millaud*," an establishment which receives deposits, and makes therewith all manner of speculations, nominally for the benefit of the depositors, really for his own. A year or two ago, Millaud purchased De Girardin's share in *La Presse*, the well-known daily here: and having bought out the original founder of the *Exchange Journal*, at the same time retaining the services of the literary man who had been associated with him at its foundation, and whose connection with the other Paris daily before alluded to, gave him a hold on that paper also, M. Millaud has now an abundant command of publicity, and can inflate or collapse any speculation at pleasure.

He has thus made an immense fortune, and has given the reins to his passion for luxury and display. His house in the Place St. Georges has often been alluded to in these letters; being not only filled with furniture displaying as much gold as its surroundings can be made to carry, but being also gilded on the outside wherever gilding can be put. This monument of the vanity and ostentation of its owner, goes here by the name of the *Maison Dorée*. The dinners given by its master are miracles of luxury; at which the host, hostess, and their son and heir, exhibit such quantities of gold on their persons, that they are said to recall a certain classical fable, and have come to be spoken of as Mr. Midas, Mme. Midas, and Mr. Midas, Junior. The latter is declared, at a recent dinner, to have displayed no less than nineteen gold chains, to the great amusement of his guests, if not to the enhancement of his own personal charms.

QUANTUM.

☞ The general course of education pursued at any particular time may not be the wisest by any means, and greatness will overleap it and neglect it; but the mass of men may go more safely and comfortably, if not with the stream, at least by the side of it.

☞ A WEATHER ITEM.—The court was called. There was a *cloud* upon the brow of the judge. Silence *reigned*. William Mulligan was *hailed*, but William was *mist*. The judge *thundered*. The prosecuting attorney *stormed*. The jury's labors *lightened*, but William Mulligan, the brave, the good, had fled from the oppressor into the land of the free and the home of the brave—New Jersey.—*New York Picayune.*

☞ AN APT REPLY.—During the Revolutionary War the Earl of Dartmouth asked an American in London of how many members the Congress consisted. To which the reply was "Fifty-two." "Why that is the number of cards in a pack," said his lordship; "pray, how many *knaves* are there?" "Not one," returned the republican; "please to recollect that *knaves* are court cards."

☞ Two persons often love in one another the future good which they aid one another to unfold.

☞ Habits influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

☞ There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

☞ Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs and overlook our own. Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said, it is as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet.

☞ A French chemist advertises a new decoction under the name of "*L'eau de noblesse*," or a hair-wash which *genteel-ifies the user of it*, if habitually applied. He states in his advertisement that its secret virtue consists in its forcing the hair to take an "honorable direction" and to *stay put*—giving thus a remarkable air of distinction and superiority!

EPITAPH OF A WOMAN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

She died of thunder sent from heaven—
In 1777.

☞ The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

☞ You must travel through a despotic country so as to fully understand what the inappreciable luxury of liberty means; in the same way as, in order to appreciate the real blessing of health, there is nothing like walking through a hospital!

☞ A HIGH STANDARD OF COMFORT.—The more numerous the comforts, viewed as necessities by the great body of the people, and the farther those comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a moral in politics without an exception. The warm house, the neat furniture, the comfortable meal, the decent clothing, the well-weeded and flower-decorated garden, the favorite singing bird, and spaniel, and the small but well-chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-hunter.—*Outline of a System of National Education.*

'Oh, let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high, embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!
—*Milton.*

☞ A GOOD IDEA OF A MAN.—Charles Kingsley, in discoursing on the advantages of out-door exercise, and physical health and strength, says his idea of a man is, "One who fears God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, who breathes the free air of a free earth, and who at the same time can hit a woodcock, doctor a horse, and twist a poker round his finger."

☞ To do good is of the very nature of God, as it is of the nature of fire to warm, and of light to shine.—*Clement of Alexandria.*

☞ Those who save up their money or their hours for the time when, without strength or desires, they can no longer use them, seem to me like people who, having but an hour to sleep, take fifty minutes, to make themselves a nice, soft bed, instead of sleeping their whole hour on the grass or the hard ground.

☞ HAPPINESS EVER-DISTANT.—Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollections of hopes. Thus happiness ever resides in the imagination.—*Coleridge.*

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with its birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart—
Turn to the record where his years are told—
Count his gray hairs—they cannot make him old?
—*Holmes.*

☞ A little girl, hearing, it is said, that she was born on the King's birthday, took no notice of it at the time, but in a day or two after asked her father if she and the King were twins.

☞ In the choice of a lover a woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history.—*Chamfort.*

☞ All heroism is mild, and quiet, and gentle, for it is life and possession: and combativeness and firmness show a want of actualness.

I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they know not what they say.
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life.
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them?
L. E. L.

☞ A GOOD COMPARISON.—Mademoiselle de Scudmery says excellently, "To converse with a person of mean understanding is as difficult as to travel on foot with a lame man."

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WM. H. ALEXANDER.

By one of the Sunday School Teachers of Nativity Church.

We mourn for thee, our brother; tears will flow,
Though thou hast left us for a brighter shore;
Our hearts are filled with bitter grief to know
That we shall see thy face on earth no more.

Thy firm, untiring zeal hath led us on,
Thy words of Christian love have cheered our way;
And now 'tis sad to think that thou art gone,
For we had fondly hoped thy longer stay.

Thou didst obey thy blessed Lord's command,
And ever in the path of duty found,
At morn and eve didst not withhold thy hand,
But sowed the precious seed with care around.

Each germ of truth thus sown with faith by thee,
Watered by dews of grace shall yet appear;
And in the last great harvest thou shalt see
The fruit of all thine earnest labors here.

Yes, faithful teacher! thou art called away
From scenes of toil to everlasting rest;
Then let us not repine, but rather say
"It is the Lord, He knoweth what is best."

And when we miss thee from the accustomed seat,
We'll think of thee, removed in tender love,
And strive to follow on, that we may meet
Around our Saviour's glorious throne above.

A FRENCH SUICIDE.—"There is a furnished hotel in the Quartier St. Denis," says the Paris *Droit*, "which is principally occupied by junior clerks. There is a large room in common for them, where those who happen to be without employment pass their time in playing cards or talking. The day before yesterday one of them, named Emile D———, said to his companions in a jocular way that it was so hot, and he was so out of spirits, that he had a strong inclination to blow his brains out. One of the young men present said he would make a bet against his doing such a thing. 'What will you bet?' replied Emile, still in the same laughing tone. 'A bottle of beer.' 'Done,' said the other, 'but order the beer at once, for as, to gain the wager, I must shoot myself, I should like to drink my share of it first.' The beer was ordered and drunk, when Emile rose up to leave the room. 'Where are you going?' said the others. 'To shoot myself,' was the reply, which was received with a burst of laughter from all present. Their merriment was, however, immediately put an end to by the report of a pistol in an adjoining room, and on running to the spot they found the young man lying dead on the floor. As no clue to his family could be found, the body was conveyed to the Morgue."

AN EDITOR NONPLUSSED.—A good story is told of a New Orleans editor, who thought himself "some" at ten-pins. He challenged a stranger one evening, who said that he wasn't much of a player, but he'd roll him a game just for amusement, and they began. The stranger won two games easily, and then proposed that he should roll with his left hand against the editor's right. This was assented to, and the result was as before, two more games being scored against the editor. The stranger then seriously proposed to roll again, and not to use his hands at all, but to kick the balls down the alley, the other using his right hand, as usual. The editor agreed, thinking he had the fellow, sure, then; but he kicked the balls down the alley with astonishing precision and success, making "strikes" and "spares" in a style which struck terror to the soul of the dumbfounded editor. He then offered to play another game, and blow the balls down the alley, using neither hands nor feet, but the editor was quite satisfied, and left the place amid the laughter of the company.

BEARS AND TOADS.—A correspondent of the Newburyport Herald, at the White Mountains, writing from the Crawford House, speaks of two bears which may be seen there, chained to each end of a long bar, which revolves on a pivot, where they travel round and round for hours together, in the endeavor to overtake each other. The writer says:—

"The most ludicrous sight we ever beheld was the complete terror which these bruins manifested when a toad hopped into the ring. They ran from him as if he had been the most deadly enemy of their race, and not even a proffered treat of sugar-plums could induce them to approach an inch while toady remained in their path. We intend to embody this fact in an appendix to the Essex Institute's papers on the Rana, which was read at Newburyport; and meanwhile let those of your readers who are afraid of bears provide themselves a pocket full of toads when they travel through the woods, if they would escape the fate of the juvenile persecutors of the prophet."

EFFECT OF TOBACCO ON THE MOUTH.—Both smoking and chewing produce marked alterations in the most expressive features of the face. The lips are closed by a circular muscle, which completely surrounds them and forms their pulpy fullness. Now, every muscle of the body is developed in precise ratio with its use, as most young men know—they endeavor to develope and increase their muscle in the gymnasium. In spitting and holding the cigar in the mouth this muscle is in constant use; hence the coarse appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared to the rest of the features, in chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and lurid; it is unspeculative and unappreciative, it answers not before the world; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity.—*Scalpel.*

☞ Professor Blackie asks, "Why should not a vigorous youth, who is a first-rate fencer, or quoit-thrower, or who has come in first in the boat race on the Cam or Isis, not receive a mark of three hundred in his favor, as well as a man who can spell his way through a page of Cicero or Schiller? Why should a good elocutionist be held in no account before an examination board? Why should music be ignored? Why the elegant and useful accomplishment of the draughtsman?"

☞ Mahommedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act is worth a century of eloquence.

JOURNAL OF A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

Thursday.—Received the nomination of an office in the City Councils. Surprised and indignant. Remonstrated with committees. Was told I must place myself in the hands of my friends. Eventually did so.

Friday.—Immense poster on a brick pile opposite my house; my name in two foot letters. Great anguish on the part of my wife and family, who believe that every officer of city government must, according to law, be indicted and tried at the end of his term. Friends meet me in the street, say that there is a rumor about town that I am up for office, which rumor ought to be publicly contradicted. Other friends offer ironical congratulations, and leave me in doubt whether the office is unfit for me, or I for the office. Old gentleman says that he won't believe it; for he knew my father, and he was a very respectable man.

Saturday.—Man on stoop of my house, with a big stick and terrier. Broad-shouldered, slovenly person, with a sanguinary eye. Came to advise me to beware of a class of ruffians that go round election times extorting money from candidates. Offers his services to tend the polls. Customary, he says, to pay in advance. I refer him to my committee. He whistles to his dog. Engage him at $5, cash down. We part with expressions of mutual esteem. Going in, find six men smoking in my parlor. Delegates from a target excursion. Customary, they say, for candidates to give prizes on these occasions. Refer them to my committee. Captain very polite; tells me he will give time to think about it, and will come on Sunday with the whole guard, to see what a fine-looking set of men they are. Result, $10 for a prize. *Evening.*—Excited person calls for a subscription for a banner. Refer him to my committee.—Threatens personal violence, and swears awfully. Subscribe for a banner. Man comes with a wooden leg; wants a new one. Three more banner men. Clergymen for a subscription to a deserving charity. Seventeen men to attend polls. More cripples. Delegation want their fire engine painted. Man without arms to post bills. Woman for subscription for coffin. Children all crying up stairs. My wife in hysterics. General terror and confusion.—*Midnight.*—Torchlight procession; kettle drums; serenade; make a speech; rotten egg hits me in the eye! general fight; spanners, brickbats, clubs, banners, torches, and fists.

Wednesday.—Wake up defeated. Tell all my friends that I don't care for myself, but feel sorry for the city. My wife goes home to her mother; the children are sent where they cannot be under my influence. No home, no friends, no wife, and no money.

EXPERIENCE WITH CATTLE DISEASE.—Judge Love, the humorous editor of the *Wire Grass (Ga.) Reporter*, attempted to investigate the cause, nature, and effect of the cattle disease, which is at present making such fearful ravages among the deer and cows. He relates his experience as follows:—

"A faithful old servant gave information that a fine cow belonging to us was affected, and gave it as his opinion that it was murrain, and not the black tongue, although her mouth seemed to be a little sore. He asked us to go down and examine the beast, which we accordingly proceeded to do. We went into the pen, and passed along by the side of the cow, giving a casual scrutiny as we passed, intending to make a stand in front of her for a few moment. Just as we got before her, she threw up her head, looked wildly at us for a few seconds, and then with a snort, a lowered head and elevated tail, made at us. We bout-faced instantly, and marched through the pen at the rate of about a mile a minute, and cleared an eight-rail fence without laying hands thereon. We then looked back, and the cow was standing where we left the earth and committed ourselves to the air, looking more astonished than angry. The old servant was at the other side of the pen, with one hand on the fence and the other on his bowels, bent almost to the ground in a fit of laughter. Straightening himself up and gathering breath, he exclaimed:

"'My Lord, master, you ain't gettin' old yit,' and he bowed himself again in cachinatory paroxysm. Not seeing anything particularly funny in the transaction ourself, and feeling indisposed to pursue our investigations in regard to the cattle epidemic, we left the place. If it should be our misfortune to lose any more of our stock, we would as soon lose that cow as any other."

UNDER A TREE.—Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, says:—When a man plants a tree, he gets a great deal for nothing, that he never dreamed of getting at all. Let us take an inventory:

Beauty of form,	$0,00
" motion,	0,00
One pair of birds—say robins.	0,00
A morning and an evening song.	0,00
A breath of breeze,	0,00
An almanac,	0,00
Stated preaching,	0,00
A daily drink of—oxygen,	0,00
A luxuriant mat of shadow,	0,00
Full jewelled pendants in winter time,	0,00
Taxes,	1,00

A tree is not the passive thing we think it; vegetable life is as full of activity as a squirrel; a cantelope is as brisk, in its way, as an antelope, for it is always doing some graceful, pleasant thing. It "makes a motion" to the faintest breath that pants in the sunshine, and beckons it into its recesses to keep cool, and the next one knows, it is poured upon his head from the green buckets like a blessing.

☞ Jerrold says—"I have seen mountains of cannon balls, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceful habitations, breaking the china and nobody knows what; but there's not one of 'em (thinks the ill used wife) can do half the mischief of a billiard ball. That's a ball that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. When once a man is given to playing billiards, the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple."

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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It was not many days after this affair was brought to its conclusion, that I betook myself to an avocation which I adhered to for some years—that of pit or whip sawing. There were no lumber mills at the period in Australia; all the sawn timber required for every purpose was cut by hand.

The inclination for the life of cities, which I had once felt so strongly, had abated. It had manifested itself in excess at first; the opposite excess which had characterised my earlier years, undoubtedly stood chargeable with it. It was one of nature's reactionary operations, and it had its important uses. In fact, I was receding still from the habitudes of my early life. First of all, abstract thought had been my ordinary occupation; to that succeeded the application of the intellect to the scenes and matters of the material existence around me; and now I was come to the almost entire abandonment of intellectual processes, and the employment of my powers almost wholly in a physical way. If my nature was ruled into the one extreme before it possessed the power of determining for itself; it no sooner obtained that power than it set out and very faithfully went to the other—and restored the balance.

I really felt an inclination that I could not control for physical exertion. At times the impulse to think returned to me; but generally, at this time, it was quite dormant. I wanted to eat, drink, sleep, and work—that was all. Sometimes since, I have said to myself, that this arrangement seemed like an act of the divine forecast. I was approaching mental experiences which only the most supreme capacity of endurance could bear me through; and this was the instrumentality adopted by the Omniscient Manager of all things from the universe to the animalcule, for securing my mind a preparatory repose, and bringing out its utmost vigor and elasticity. Suffice it, at all events, that such was the event.

I met with a sawyer who wanted a mate. I could hear from others that he was a first rate workman; and I concluded that what I learned I should therefore learn well. He rented a fine timber farm about six miles out of Sydney; and had a team with which he took in his own lumber, and sold it for cash. He was an oldish man, married, but without any children. On the farm was a good house, with garden and orchard, where he resided. Finally, he was an Irishman, and replete with all the drollery and good humor of his nation—the very sort of man that one can work with without feeling the time pass heavily. I went out with him to his home; concluded I could get along much about as I wished, and the next day began to saw.

I cannot help foreseeing whilst I write this that there will be many who will accuse me of great want of self esteem in adopting such a mode of life. I have already given one reason—the strong inclination I felt for physical exertion. I may add yet another. I had no intention of ever marrying; I supposed I should never see again my first choice, and I had made no second. Nor yet did I incline to lead a life of licentiousness. My wants, therefore, it seemed to me would never be very great. So I felt that for some years, at all events, I had a right to do pretty much as I pleased as to mode of life. Not so much from any motive as from want of motive, I had never written home since my arrival in the colony. I have often blamed myself severely for it since. My father was entitled to better treatment at my hands. But at the time, whilst I did not very strongly feel that, I used to have an impression of this sort: If I write him a true account how matters are going with me, it will be poor satisfaction to him; and if I write him an untrue account, telling him I am getting on well, it will be just as poor satisfaction for myself, for it will leave me conscious of a standing lie. Thus I ever put off writing from month to month and from year to year. But I was not forgetful that whenever, if ever, I chose to return, there was a patrimony for me. I knew that I should certainly have enough left me at my father's demise to provide for all my necessities as a single man. Thus there was nothing to prompt me, without religion as I then was, to exertion. I had conned the tale of the illustrious dead till I had ended in the reflection—What profit have they of all they knew, of all they did, now? The true evil with me was my skepticism of a God and a futurity. I had weighed *this* world well; I had measured it exactly. No conclusions about it, as the theatre of a mere material existence, could be more sound than mine were. But I was just as wrong in my computations and views respecting *the other* world;—and of this, if introductory of another. My error lay in the feeling so long paramount in my mind—Whatever we may do, it will be all the same a hundred years hence. It is very true that my intellectual judgment was reforming on this great question; but not so, to any extent, the sentimental part of my mind. The feelings, the moral character, the will, are never, even to the day of our death, fully subordinate to logic. In early life, he is a fortunate man who can guide himself in even one-half that he does by the dictates of his reason. For my own part, rapid and conclusive as was my argumentation of these subjects, I must confess that my practice of what I reasoned out, was most dilatory and discreditable.

The occupation I had adopted I found on the whole agreeable enough. I soon learned to work at it well. It was certainly, and especially at first, very laborious; but it invested me with an excellent appetite, and general health. I slept, as the boys say, like a top. And it seemed as if I had found in it a sort of Briarean prerogative of gaining in strength just in proportion to the length and arduousness of the toil. I recollect one evening after supper, extending myself on a broad plank, which we had for a sort of rude settle at the door, watching the setting sun, repeating to myself that beautiful passage:—

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere its race be run,
Along Nova's hills the setting sun;" &c.

Probably I got halfway through the canto before weariness and drowsiness overpowered me. The old couple had retired. I sat undisturbed. Presently I slept. Presently also, it seemed, I awoke. I rose, and turned into the hut, thinking to go to bed. At the instant, my mate reappeared from his chamber. "You are before me, this morning," he said. I had slept all night without moving a limb, till within a few minutes of sunrise. The clemency and loveliness of that climate may be partially comprehended, when I add, that I had on neither hat, nor coat, nor vest. My blood was unchilled; nor had the night air left a moisture on my garments.

In course of time I went to other parts of the country to work; sometimes with only a solitary comrade, working for a settler's farm buildings in woods many miles away from all other company; sometimes joining great camps of sawyers lumbering for Sydney timber merchants; now having an agreeable mate, now a bad tempered one. It was the latter inconvenience which eventually produced in me an insuperable prejudice against the occupation. There was, however, another particular of this mode of life, which from time to time, and always increasingly, biassed me against it; the vile habits of drinking universally prevalent among members of the craft. They have a saying among themselves that "they earn their money like horses and spend it like asses." And verily never was truth truer. At the lumbering stations there was always rum kept for sale. It was a very advantageous way of paying wages. Work was usually over for the week about noon on Saturday. The men who could not drive their way through a good week's work by that time, from when they commenced, were set down as no sawyers; though there was often a very startling inroad on the first part of the week made by the weekly "spree." That began on Saturday afternoon; lasted, often all that night, all Sunday, and all Monday. Sometimes it was not over till Tuesday evening. If at this period of my life I had not already come to feel a pretty strong aversion to great excess in drinking, I must have sunk ruined for ever. But it happened that I had got well on, in my upward flight. A few glasses—disgust—cessation;—that was the usual course with me. Of the men I was associated with at that time, though full half of them were younger than myself, I suppose there is not above one in ten alive now; and certainly, of those deceased, one-half, if not as much as three-fifths, were entirely the victims of liquor.

It will easily be seen that such a life continued for a number of years, must gradually, surely, thoroughly throw thought into desuetude and obliterate sentiment. The customary forms of my mental being disappeared. If I thought at all, it was about the present and the visible; if I experienced any emotions, they were the ordinary and very reasonable results of common sense and passing events. I have long since learned to look upon this interregnum of the mind as one of the most important and valuable sections of my existence.

There was one subject, meantime, that was not by any means allowed to get into the category of oblivion. It was kept before me with a closeness and a persistency which compelled attention. I know not where a more hopeless scholar to be made to comprehend the imminency of that hour which awaits all men, could have been sought for than I was. Yet I was made to comprehend it; and so comprehend it, that it became at length the main object of my thoughts. From time to time I had such narrow escapes from *sudden* death—they were so numerous—they were so invariably reiterated when I began to forget their great lesson, as to leave me no alternative in the exercise of a strenuous and impartial common sense, aside from considering them the deliberate, purposeful acts of God. Can my conjecture be called an improbable one on any grounds? What page of ancient lore records not, either in express proposition or shadowy implication, the intense solicitude with which even the heathen mind regarded the "supreme hour?" Who is there that observes not that on this great point there has been no difference between the pusillanimous and the brave, except that the awe of the one is more wild and unrestrained, that of the other more mournful and profound. Is not death, then, the most important of all matters to every one of us?—Does not the simplest capacity see that this transition to an untried, unknown land should be made the subject of a consummate preparation? Why need I doubt that the Great Teacher, in His divine kindness, aided so unapt a scholar as I was by frequent mementos? At all events, let me specify a few of the actual facts. It will then be open to each individual to conclude as he pleases.

On one occasion, I had let one of my mates work on the top of the log for a few days, and I worked in the pit. It was a pit dug in the ground; transoms across; and our log on the transoms. We were cutting a piece of timber that weighed about three tons. The iron dogs had to be taken out to shift one of the transoms. The proper way is to put in a spare, or as it is called trap transom, whilst the regular one is being shifted. Otherwise the pitman's life would often be lost through the timber slipping off the point of the lever used temporarily to sustain it whilst the alteration is being made. On this occasion I was hurrying forward to put in the trap transom, when my mate prematurely knocked out the iron dogs; one of the halves of the log got off the back transom, and being then nearly upright, breasted out the front one, and fell into the pit just in front of me, almost brushing my face. *One* step further, *one* second more, and I should have been under it. Its weight was about a ton and a-half.

Another time, I stood watching two men felling a large tree, till I got lost in a reverie, and forgot where I was. They were not aware of my absence of mind, cut their tree through, and gave me not the slightest warning. Down it came, and when it was at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and not before, I saw my danger. When I observed it first, it was directly over my head, and the whole extent of its heavy limbs coming straight down on me. My movements, of course, were pretty speedy. I escaped: the topmost branches actually touching my back as the ponderous mass thundered down on the earth behind me.

Again: I had risen early one summer morning, and having a newspaper in the hut, took a chair and sat down inside the hut, but opposite the door, to read. My feet were bare, and I had them on the front rail of the chair, the newspaper held with both hands in front of me. Hearing a noise at my feet, and thinking it was a little dog we had, I put down my feet to the ground without ceasing to read, and then slowing bending forward, put down one hand. The dog not jumping up to my hand, I began to wonder why he did not, and removed the newspaper from before my face. There, between my bare feet, not four inches from either of them, coiled in circles, above which was elevated, some six or seven inches, his head, the mouth wide open, the forked tongue quivering, sat a black snake, one of the most venomous species in the colony, and one of the largest in size I ever saw. He was about six feet in length. In such circumstances I never feel any nervousness, though among the most nervous of human beings at other times. I knew instantly the exact course I must take. I looked at him as fixedly as he looked at me, wondering all the time that he did not strike at my hand, which had got to within six inches or less of his open mouth. I drew back my hand very slowly, and he did not appear aware I was doing so, but was evidently uneasy under my steady, unflinching gaze. We continued thus half a minute or more, the swaying motion he kept up with his head becoming feebler all the time. At length I began to have a feeling that he had had enough of my acquaintance, and would be glad to get away. I turned my head so as to look back over my shoulder. Not a moment was past, before I heard the odious rustling of his vile, scaly skin as he trailed himself out at the door. I followed with the shovel, caught him as he was half-way through a fence, and destroyed him. If he had bitten me, I might possibly have lived twelve hours.

Once more:—One very hot summer noon, I threw my rule and line when I went to the hut to dinner, beneath a sheet of bark which lay a few feet from the pit. On returning I lifted the sheet of bark with one hand, and put the other under it to get the tools, but did not stoop sufficiently to look under. Not happening to reach them I bent down and looked. There, on the very spot where I must have put my hand to get them, lay a snake of a species so venomous, that, it is said, their bite is certain death in about two hours. There was a great fire in the woods which had probably driven him out of some log, and he had taken refuge where he was whilst we were away.

At another time taking a hollow log on my shoulder to carry to the hut for firewood, I felt something very soft fall down into my hand. Presently I found it moved. Letting it fall through I found I had had another escape from a snake of a most venomous kind.

There is an adder in Australia called the "Death Adder." It is said that man or beast bitten by it is seized with mortal syncope in the course of a few minutes. A shepherd once assured me that his dog did not live five minutes after being bitten. These reptiles in color are very much like the ground they infest and almost dormant till offended. They are the most hideous in aspect of all the serpent tribe. The head broad and very flat; the neck and forepart of the body quite small; full two-thirds of the whole length back from the head appears a lumpish bloated body, running off into a short rat-like tail armed with a small crooked horn like a fishing-hook without its barb. One evening between light and dark we were putting a flock of sheep into their fold when we noticed that instead of crowding in as sheep commonly do, they divided at the opening, and left a clear space in the middle of the gateway. On examining we found one of these hideous reptiles, coiled and dormant, but in full life and vigor. During the previous hour I must have walked over or within a few inches of it a dozen times.

I see nothing strange in hairbreadth escapes occurring to me, any more than to any other wanderer of land or sea. We all know that the lives of the backwoodsman and the mariner are full of such events. But I flatter myself that there would have been something very strange indeed in my overlooking the fact of its being quite possible, and more, quite probable—that sometime or other, there would arrive one which would not terminate so harmlessly. I was not in the practice of casting out of my speculations on future events the most accredited doctrines which the experience of our race has furnished. In such a matter it needed no prompter to give me the generic axiom of the case: "The pitcher that goes oft to the well is broken at last." I was likewise quite aware, that in a certain book, which, however, I had not expended much time on for many years, it was declared—"He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off; and that without remedy." *If* there was a God; *if* the Bible was His law, then most assuredly this was the part of it which I had most peculiarly to consider at this time. Here were the warnings plain enough, and "often" enough; and about my taking very little "reproof" from them—of that also there could be very little doubt. I was quite satisfied that one of my favorite notions—the simple materiality of the universe, the occurrence of all things by chance, the creatorship of "the fortuitous concatenation of atoms" was an error; a very stupid one and a very perilous one. Possibly also, my neglect to recognise a God, might be another error. *Possibly* there might be a God. Certainly my not believing in Him would not unmake Him, if He existed. By stolid obstinacy I might make a fool of myself, but not make Him a nonentity. It was a case which presented a sound demand on my attention: and I began to give it freely. My judgment was convinced that I ought to look fairly into the question and come to a rational conclusion about it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The philosopher who will understand and interpret history, must really believe that God, not the Devil or his punchinello, Accident, governs the world.—*Chevalier Bunsen.*

☞ Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—*Locke.*

THE HORSE.

The following extracts are from Mr. Rarey's pamphlet, recently republished in London, on "The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses:"—

"A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then Governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabal steadily refused. The pasha then had recourse to threats, but with no better success. At length, one Gafar, a Bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the pasha, and asked what he would give the man who should make him master of Jabal's mare? 'I will fill his horse's nose-bag with gold,' replied Hassan. The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end of which was fastened to her hind fetlock, whilst the other, after passing through the tent-cloth, was attached to a picket driven in the ground under the felt that served himself and his wife for a bed. But one midnight, Gafar crept silently into the tent, and succeeded in loosening the chain. Just before starting off with his prize, he caught up Jabal's lance, and poking him with the butt end, cried out: 'I am Gafar! I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time.' This warning was in accordance with the customs of the Desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honorable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is desirous of all the glory that may flow from the deed. Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of his tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him: 'Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel.' Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless. The *pinch in the ear* and the *touch with the heel* were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. 'Oh, thou father of a jackass!' they cried, 'thou hast enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel.' But he silenced their upbraidings by saying: 'I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleeter than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match.'"

On the saddle, bridle and seat we read:

"The polished Greeks, as well as the ruder nations of Northern Africa, for a long while rode without either saddle or bridle, guiding their horses with the voice or the hand, or with a light switch with which they touched the animal on the side of the face to make him turn in the opposite direction. They urged him forward by a touch of the heel, and stopped him by catching him by the muzzle. Bridles and bits were at length introduced, but many centuries elapsed before anything that could be called a saddle was used. Instead of these, cloths, single or padded, and skins of wild beasts, often richly adorned, were placed beneath the rider, but always without stirrups; and it is given as an extraordinary fact that the Romans, even in the times when luxury was carried to excess among them, never desired so simple an expedient for assisting the horseman to mount, to lessen his fatigue, and aid him in sitting more securely in his saddle.—Ancient sculptors prove that the horsemen of almost every country were accustomed to mount their horses from the right side of the animal, that they might the better grasp the mane, which hangs on that side, a practice universally changed in modern times. The ancients generally leaped on their horses' backs, though they sometimes carried a spear with a loop or projection about two feet from the bottom, which served them as a step. In Greece and Rome, the local magistracy were bound to see that blocks for mounting (what the Scotch call *loupin'-on stanes*) were placed along the road at convenient distances. The great, however, thought it more dignified to mount their horses by stepping on the bent backs of their servants or slaves, and many who could not command such costly help, used to carry a light ladder about with them. The first distinct notice that we have of the use of the saddle occurs in the edict of the Emperor Theodosius (A. D. 385), from which we also learn that it was usual for those who hired post-horses to provide their own saddle, and that the saddle should not weigh more than sixty pounds—a cumbrous contrivance, more like the howdahs placed on the backs of elephants than the light and elegant saddle of modern times. Side-saddles for ladies are an invention of comparatively recent date. The first seen in England was made for Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard the Second, and was probably more like a pillion than the side-saddle of the present day. A pillion is a sort of very low-backed arm-chair, and was fastened on the horse's croup, behind the saddle, on which a man rode who had all the care of managing the horse, while the lady sat at her ease, supporting herself by grasping a belt which he wore, or passing her arm around his body, if the *gentleman was not too ticklish*. But the Mexicans manage these things with more gallantry than the ancients did. The *paisana* or country lady, we are told, is often seen mounted before her *caballero*, who takes the more natural position of being seated behind his fair one, supporting her by throwing his arm around her waist."

To come to more serious subjects. Mr. Rarey lays down three laws of equine nature as constituting the principles on which his own practice is based. These equine laws he expresses in the following words:

"First. That he is so constituted by nature that he will not offer resistance to any demand made of him which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature. Second. That he has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will without force. Third. That we can, in compliance with the laws of his nature, by which he examines all things new to him, take any object, however frightful, around, over, or on him, that does not inflict pain, without causing him to fear."

The third law, as here expressed, is somewhat vague and involved. How we are to carry frightful things round a horse by observing the "laws of his nature," will depend somewhat on our knowledge of those laws.—Happily, in another part of Mr. Rarey's tract, we get a glimpse of one very serviceable law:

"Every one that has ever paid any attention to the horse, has noticed his natural inclination to smell everything which to him looks new and frightful. This is their strange mode of examining everything. And, when they are frightened at anything, though they look at it sharply, they seem to have no confidence in this optical examination alone, but must touch it with the nose before they are entirely satisfied; and, as soon as this is done, all is right."

An experiment may now be tried:—

"If you want to satisfy yourself of this characteristic of the horse, and to learn something of importance concerning the peculiarities of his nature, &c., turn him into the barn-yard, or a large stable will do, and then gather up something that you know will frighten him—a red blanket, buffalo-robe, or something of that kind. Hold it up so that he can see it, he will stick up his head and snort. Then throw it down somewhere in the centre of the lot or barn, and walk off to one side. Watch his motions, and study his nature. If he is frightened at the object he will not rest until he has touched it with his nose. You will see him begin to walk around the robe and snort, all the time getting a little closer, as if drawn up by some magic spell, until he finally gets within reach of it. He will then very cautiously stretch out his neck as far as he can reach, merely touching it with his nose, as though he thought it was ready to fly at him. But after he has repeated these touches a few times, for the first time (though he has been looking at it all the while,) he seems to have an idea what it is. But now he has found, by the sense of feeling, that it is nothing that will do him any harm, and he is ready to play with it. And if you watch him closely, you will see him take hold of it with his teeth, and raise it up and pull at it. And in a few minutes you can see that he has not that same wild look about his eye, but stands like a horse biting at some familiar stump."

When you have gained all this general and special acquaintance with horse nature, you may then proceed with business. Suppose the thing to be done is to saddle a colt:—

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"The first thing will be to tie each stirrup-strap into a loose knot to make them short, and prevent the stirrups from flying about and hitting him. Then double up the skirts and take the saddle under your right arm, so as not to frighten him with it as you approach. When you get to him rub him gently a few times with your hand, and then raise the saddle very slowly, until he can see it, and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirt loose, and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattle of the skirts as he feels them against him; each time getting a little farther backward, and finally slip it over his shoulders on his back. Shake it a little with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as much as you please, and pull it off and throw it on again, without his paying much attention to it. As soon as you have accustomed him to the saddle, fasten the girth. Be careful how you do this. It often frightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him, and making the saddle fit tight on his back. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first, just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little, and then girth it as tight as you choose, and he will not mind it. You should see that the pad of your saddle is all right before you put it on, and that there is nothing to make it hurt him, or feel unpleasant to his back. It should not have any loose straps on the back part of it, to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus marching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction, and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always caress him, and loose the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your colt in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the loft should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours time in a stable of this kind, than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts, out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment, you need not run any risk, or have any trouble in riding the worst kind of horses. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between yourself and horse. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle, and the use of the bit: and then all that remains, is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

The London *Athenæum* says:—

"All these instructions seem to us thoroughly simple and genuine. Mr. Rarey is evidently a peculiar genius. He leans to the equine side of nature, and has that perfect sympathy with it which can alone secure perfect knowledge and mastery. We do not imagine that the tract we have before us contains all Mr. Rarey's secret, or that its publication in London will rob him of a single pupil. His plan—which is only an elaborate and organized gentleness—may be universally applicable: and yet it may be learnt far more easily and certainly from the living master than from any book of instructions. The air of truth and manliness in this little work—with the absence from its pages of everything like brag or quackery—gives us a broader basis than we had before for confidence in the honest meaning and professions of Mr. Rarey."

☞ INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

☞ We ask *advice*, but we mean—approbation.—*Cotton.*

HOW CRESS HELPED COLUMBUS TO DISCOVER AMERICA.—According to the old Spanish tradition, Columbus's discovery of America is mainly due to a hard fought game of chess. Ferdinand of Spain wasted the latter hours of the day over the chequered board, his principal antagonist being an old grandee, whose skill put the monarch's powers to a severe test. Ferdinand was one of those matter-of-fact men, who object to furthering the schemes of enthusiasts, and withheld his consent to a New World Expedition being formed.

The day arrived when the great Navigator was to receive his final answer; he wended his way towards the palace at nightfall, more with the intention of bidding adieu to his royal patroness, than from any hope of success with Ferdinand. Isabella had not, however, resigned herself and Columbus to defeat, and, on the latter's arriving, she immediately sought the King, when Ferdinand told her that her protege should be successful or otherwise, according as the game resulted. She immediately bent all her energies upon the board; and so the game went on which was to decide the discovery of a new world, until Isabella leaned towards her husband's ear, and whispered, "You can check-mate him in four moves." The King re-examined his game, found that his wife's assertion was correct, and announced a few minutes subsequently that Columbus should depart on his voyage of discovery.

FACTS OF PROGRESS.—To those who now surround the family fireside, when the curtains are snugly drawn, and cold winds whistle along the impervious walls and windows, it must be interesting to know that at one time their ancestors lived in houses formed only of one room, having a fire in the centre of the floor, around which they used to lounge or sit, and spread for bedding at night the skins they wore for garments by day. The roof formed a cone, which answered the double purpose of a chimney and a window; through its large orifice the rain and hail fell, driving down large flakes of soot, and the wind moaned like the solemn voice of a troubled spirit, lamenting the ignorance of mankind. At a later period, and after the invention of glass, that article was deemed such a luxury that noble families when leaving their town residences for the country season, had the window panes removed and carefully packed in straw for security. Glass was not then such as we now have; it was tinged with a sickly color, was uneven in surface, and full of specks and imperfections. Pewter, from which working men now quaff their pints of porter, was such a luxury that noblemen used to hire it for banquets from brokers, as they now sometimes hire silver and gold.—*Philip's History of Progress.*

HOW FLIES HELPED ON THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.—In the last volume of Randall's Life of Jefferson, the following anecdote is given as related by Mr. Jefferson:

"While the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meetings near a livery stable. Its members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and with handkerchiefs in hand they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic."

The anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as to give credit to the influence of the flies. He told it with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of the severity of an attack, from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene.

[If *gallinippers* had been about, instead of flies, the 4th of July would have come on the 3rd.]—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE PINE TREES.—Charles Mackay says, in a recent letter:—"As I had already gone over a considerable portion of the land route, through the pine forests of Georgia and South Carolina—

Where, northward as you go,
The pines for ever grow;
Where, southward if you bend,
Are pine trees without end;
Where, if you travel west,
Earth loves the pine tree best;
Where, eastward if you gaze,
Through long, unvaried ways,
Behind you and before,
Are pine trees evermore;—

I preferred the sea, as offering more comfort, as well as more novelty, than the land route. No traveller in America, unless he be very much pressed for time, or have special reasons for the preference, will travel by the miserable railroad if he can get into a steamer. The steamers are as invariably good as the rail is invariably bad."

AN INVIGORATING BATH.—The cold plunging bath, instead of being plain water, was a profusion of hay boiled in coppers, of sufficient strength to be the color of very strong tea, and left to get quite cold. No soap ever was such a purifier as this! No cosmetic such a beautifier, from the marble hardness, smoothness, and freshness it imparts to the skin, and the way in which it cleanses it from every possible secretion; and let the weariest pilgrim only try a footbath of cold hay tea, and he will feel as if he had relays of fresh feet, capable of going any distance.—*The World and his Wife.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME RACHEL.—Mdlle. Rachel, relating how, when she had recited scenes from *Polyeucte*, at Madame Recamier's, she had been complimented by an Archbishop, who had remarked that one who pronounced with such fervor the celebrated passage—"*Je suis! je crois! je crois!*" could not be a Christian at heart, added, "I most certainly will turn Christian before I die." Whereupon M. Ronsel, one of the actors, inquired: "For whose benefit, madam, will this extraordinary performance be given?"

☞ He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

☞ There is an excess of wretchedness in an unhappy marriage which transcends every other misery in the world.

"ONLY A YEAR."

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,—
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray,
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been th's year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what g orious life,
Where thou hast been?

The vail! the vail! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic vail! when shall it fall
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year!

Andover, July 9. —*Independent.*

THE ECCENTRIC BARBER.

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

The quiet beauty of the little village of S——— attracting my attention, I ordered my baggage off at that station, and was soon set down at the most inviting looking of its two hotels. Having occasion for a tonsorial operation, I was informed by my host that the village boasted two barbers, but that he could particularly recommend Elton, who was called the eccentric barber!

"How eccentric?" I asked, hoping the term promised some amusement, yet, thinking it more probable that it applied to some fellow who got up drolleries to create notoriety, and thereby gain customers. I had seen specimens of this genus. Hinting something of this to my host by way of ascertaining the fact—

"Far from it," he answered. "He could have many more customers than he has, but he only keeps his shop open certain hours of the day, as you will see by the placard on the door. He is every inch a gentleman, and is highly educated. His father was a wealthy merchant. He died insolvent, and his son soon after came to our village, and, from some whim I suppose, chose the business of a barber. I never heard him explain how it came about, but he seems as happy and contented as though he were master of a fortune."

"Has he a family?" I asked.

"He has a wife," he answered, "and as fine a lady, too, as you would wish to see."

"And does she bear their changed fortunes with as much philosophy as her husband?"

"Oh, bless you, yes," said he. "She's one of the happiest looking women in town, and the most industrious, too, I should think. She does all her own work, besides washing for our gentlemen boarders, and some of the clerks about town, too, I guess. I've heard so. And she wasn't brought up to wet her fingers in the way of work either. So much the more credit to her if she does it when it's necessary. They have an aunt living in N——— with her hundreds of thousands, so I have been told, but they choose to get their living on their own hook."

I felt an interest in this strange couple, for it certainly is something unusual for persons bred in affluence to choose employments regarded as menial, rather than be pensioners on the bounty of friends or relations, or to fill situations in reality more laborious and harassing, involving greater slavery and drudgery, but looked on as more respectable. On reflection I could not say that I disputed the wisdom of their choice. They were at least not subjected to the patronage of friends, who, in return for advice, perhaps would assume the prerogative of directing all their affairs.

On entering the barber's shop I found myself unmistakably in the presence of a gentleman, one, who to nature's nobility, added the polish of intelligence and refinement of manners. He had a fine person and a handsome countenance, and was apparently not more than twenty-eight years of age. As I submitted my countenance to his operations, and he conversed easily and pleasantly, my curiosity increased to learn what had induced one so gifted to place himself in so unusual a position. But as there was no allusion to his previous circumstances in his conversation, I did not feel at liberty to be inquisitive. I became a regular customer, and decided to prolong my stay in S——— indefinitely, as fancy or pleasure might dictate. My admiration of Elton increased on acquaintance. He was a keen observer of human nature, and had picked up many curious facts from his chance customers, whom he had a peculiar faculty of drawing out. He had a genial wit that amused, and a peculiar harmonizing influence that made you feel on excellent terms with yourself and with him while under his hands, and left you on a better footing with the world in general, though you could scarce tell why. One day in walking out I passed his residence. I had learned its location from my landlord. It was a small, neat white cottage, with a few shade trees in front, and some flowering shrubs clothing the smooth lawn. A large, well-kept garden was in the rear, and, adjoining, a barn, a poultry-house and yard. I felt a curiosity to enter and note if its internal arrangements were in keeping with the exterior, which I did not doubt. But I had no pretext for doing so, and I had never been invited by the proprietor. I was thinking of this when next I went to his shop to avail myself of his services. He must have been *en rapport* with me, I think, for before I left he invited me to call at his house that evening.

"They saw few visitors," he said, "kept up no intercourse of mere ceremony, neither he nor his wife being willing to submit to the irksomeness and loss of time it involved, for which no equivalent was received. Whenever either of them met with persons whose society afforded them real enjoyment, and they thought the enjoyment would be mutual, they sought their acquaintance—their friendship."

I felt at once that he was sincere, and I was infinitely flattered by his preference.—I had never received a mark of favor that I thought was so true a tribute to any real worth of which I might be possessed, or that raised me more in my own esteem. I told him I had intended to remain some weeks in their quiet village to recruit my energies, and nothing would afford me greater pleasure, or contribute, I was sure, more to my benefit than to cultivate his acquaintance, and I did not doubt I should find his wife equally agreeable, trusting to his good taste and judgment in the choice.

"Come and see," he answered, smiling.

I went about five o'clock of the same evening, which was the time he designated. He met me at the door with a cordial smile and shake of the hand, and then took me into the little parlor where his wife was seated. On being introduced, she rose and gave me her hand with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. Her husband, she said, had spoken of me, and I felt assured by her manner that he had impressed her favorably toward me. She was rather below the medium height, had dark brown hair and eyes, and a remarkably clear complexion. Her features were not regular, but the expression of her countenance was peculiarly pleasing, and diffused over them a charm far higher than mere physical beauty. She looked like one whose life was well regulated. Her form was a model of symmetry, and her movements were perfect grace. They seemed set to music, and I have no doubt they were, the music of her soul. She was dressed in a neatly-fitting white wrapper, with her hair in plain bands, revealing the classic form of her head. The appointments of the little room were cheap and simple, but they had the effect of elegance, almost luxuriousness.—There was nothing gaudy, no attempt at display, but everything was in the most exquisite taste, and you felt somehow, a sort of home feeling, a sense of comfort come over you on entering the apartment.

I experienced this in some degree at first, but not to the extent I did when I had become somewhat familiarized there. Some of the most delicious hours I ever spent, were passed in this room, reclining upon a lounge, among the cushions with which its mistress had furnished it, book in hand, realising the paradise of the poet Gray. The moral atmosphere of those who inhabit a house pervades it, there is no doubt about that. In some houses I have felt an unpleasant sense of constriction for which I could not account, even when I was alone in my own room. There was nothing of this kind here. The very airs of Eden seemed to hover about the place. After conversing awhile upon desultory topics, I walked in the garden with Elton. It was in admirable order, and everything it contained was in a thriving condition. He was his own gardener, he told me, working about one hour a day, which he found very pleasant and healthful. His wife had some borders of flowers, and they had a great variety of fine fruit trees. From these, his garden ground, cow and poultry-yard, their table was principally supplied. Bees he kept besides, which cost him little labor, while their honey afforded an excellent luxury.

After a brief visit I returned to my lodgings, charmed with my new acquaintance, and with *carte blanche* to invade their premises whenever inclination prompted. This I found to be pretty often, though I did not always yield to it, fancying it possible, that like other good things, my society might be more highly prized, if it was a little charily bestowed.

Mrs. Elton, I found, had been bred a fine lady, in the popular sense of that term. She had been brought up by a wealthy aunt, and had had expectations, which were cut off by her marrying young Elton, against her aunt's will, after his father's failure. Elton's father died of heart disease, soon after the loss of his property. His son was thus thrown upon his own resources, without a penny in his pocket, and with no habits of business.

"What are you to do?" asked Mrs. Mervin, their aunt, of him one day after this event, as he related to me. "You have no trade, no profession, and not a penny of capital to go into business with; and if you had, you have no business knowledge to insure success. And here is Maria," she said, "with no more efficiency than a baby, and just as incapable of taking care of herself. What are you to do?"

"'As for Maria,' I answered, 'I trust she has a substratum of good sense, and a love of duty which will prove available for all practical purposes in whatever circumstances she may be placed; and I,' I added, gravely, 'am already master of an excellent profession!'

"'A profession,' exclaimed my aunt, sneeringly; "what is it? Paring your nails? I'll wager you never did anything more laborious.'

"'A little,' I answered, 'though you may never have become cognizant of the fact. I am an excellent barber.'

"Seeing she looked puzzled, and a little indignant, as though she feared I was quizzing her, I explained: 'On a journey once, I was detained for some weeks, with a sick friend, in a region that did not afford the luxury of a barber. I performed for my friend the office of one, for that length of time—and was voted by him very skillful.

"'And you intend to erect a barber's pole,' exclaimed my aunt, indignantly: 'upon my word that will be adding glory to the family escutcheon.'

"'I presume,' said Maria, to mollify her aunt, 'that Edward is only joking.'

"'I am not so sure of that,' said I, 'but the future will show.' I had spoken lightly, and because the remembrance of my experience was roused in my mind by my aunt's saying I had no profession: but while walking alone on the evening after this conversation took place, the thought came to me—why not erect a barber's pole? what business can you seek that will be less laborious, more independent? you have not a penny in the world, and no one has any confidence in your business capacity. And, after all, would it not be preferable to standing all day behind a counter, trying to suit the whims of difficult customers—under a master too. The common sense appeared to give a verdict of yes, drowning the voice of 'society,' which would have urged motives to the contrary, and my resolution was taken. I imparted it to my wife that night. When convinced I was in earnest, she fell in at once with my plans, and we lay awake far into the night discussing them. I was to seek out some country village, where living would be less expensive, and the vocation I had chosen more respectable, for I could not at once divest myself of the false pride in which I had been nurtured, and meet with firmness 'the world's dread laugh.'

"On the next day my wife told me that she also had plans with which I must not interfere, and she disclosed them to me. I laughed when I heard them. She was to take in washing, as an accompaniment to my barberous operations. I bared her delicate arm, and told her I thought she would have to provide some other machinery to do it with.

"'A willing heart makes a stout hand,' she said, reversing the old proverb.

"If it gives you any pleasure, you may nurse that plan of yours,' I said, playfully, 'but I hardly think I could endure, under any circumstances, to see you thus employed. But what put that into your head? In your casting about to make yourself useful, why did your choice not fix upon something more lady like?'

"'It is curious,' she answered, 'but I remember saying once to Cousin Ann, that, if I was ever reduced to earn my own livelihood, I would prefer washing to sewing or teaching. I never liked the monotony of sewing, except for an occasional recreation—and I think, closely followed, it is injurious to health. I have observed that washerwomen, despite their exposures, their ignorance of the laws of health, and the privations they have to undergo, look healthier than sewing women. They have not that haggard, careworn expression. Your sewing and my own will afford me enough for variety in this respect, and will serve as a sedative, after more laborious occupation. Teaching would be slavery, unless I could choose my own scholars, and my own mode of imparting instruction. This I could hardly hope to do. My thoughts would be more free, too, engaged in the occupation I have chosen. And this is much. I have so long worn mental shackles.'

"We each had a valuable gold watch," continued Elton; "the sale of these and my wife's jewelry—reserving only a small bosom pin—with some articles of costly clothing, which we should not need in our altered circumstances, purchased for us this cottage and grounds, and sufficient furniture to begin with. It was in a neglected condition then. We bought it at a low price, and have made many improvements since. I opened a shop at once, and the novelty of my arrangements, having stated office hours, no doubt drew many customers. Some demurred; but I explained to them that I had an undoubted right to work when I chose, and if my convenience did not suit theirs, they were just as much at liberty to seek their interest elsewhere. I secured a good number of regular customers from the village, and the placard on my door, with the recommendation of the obliging host of the Eagle, attracted most strangers."

"And how about the washing?" I playfully asked of my hostess.

"I carried out my plans about *that*, too," she answered. "Before coming here I spent a few months with an aunt living in the country, who is a notable housekeeper. Under her instructions I improved rapidly. I learned bread making, and how to make up plain garments, and various other things, besides the mysteries of the wash tub, resolved, though Edward opposed me strenuously in this, to be my own servant. Why should he labor for both, and I do nothing? He would not have had the hours of leisure he now enjoys, had I been content to do so; and my own pleasure would have been diminished in the same ratio, for he would have had less time to devote to my happiness and amusement. I believe he sees this now, and acknowledges that more happiness for both arises from my having had my own way."

"At any rate," said Elton, laughing, "I was obliged to succumb to woman's will, which she will always have, sooner or later—

"'For when she will, *she will*, you may depend on't,
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't.'"

"Don't be satirical, Edward," said his wife, smiling.

"Do you never long for the gay life you left?" I asked. "Are there not hours of vacancy, of ennui, which the employments and amusements within your reach fail to fill?"

"Never," said Mrs. Elton; "not half so many as when I led the gay life to which you refer. It was mere chaff to the present. Why I would much rather stand over the wash-tub for two or three hours in the morning, which is the longest period I ever devote to it, than to spend the same length of time making or receiving calls, as I used to do. That, to me, brought no present enjoyment, and no benefit to body or mind. This homely employment conduces to all three."

"I must confess," I answered, "that I think only the happy alchemy of a mind constituted like your own could produce this result."

"But this very process has helped to bring about this happy frame of mind, as you are pleased to term it," she replied. "This wash-tub, about which you are so skeptical, is the crucible which has purified my mind from much dross. I repeat it, I would much rather, aside from the sense of duty and the consideration of profit that tend to make my toil pleasant, spend a few hours at the wash-tub, than in exchanging fashionable calls of ceremony with people for whom I do not care, and who care not for me—in the feminine amusement of shopping—the labor of dressing a half dozen times a day, or in various other ways, by which, in fashionable life, we manage to kill time. It is much less irksome. My thoughts are free, and while my hands are employed, are often revelling in fairy land; and I have thought sometimes the fairies must return the compliment, and assist me at my labor, so little am I sensible of it. It is my *water cure* besides; it has conduced greatly to my health.'

"Then you do not devote a great portion of your time to this occupation of yours?" said I.

"Only a small part of it," she answered; "three hours, two days in a week. There are a few gentlemen in town whom I serve in this way regularly."

"As you see I am interested in your mode of life, and you seem willing to indulge my interest, you will not consider me impertinent, if I ask what your profits are?"

"Not at all," she answered. "They are very slight, or would be regarded so by those who are profuse in expenditure. Only two dollars per week, but this, you know, amounts to one hundred at the end of the year."

"And this," said her husband, "constitutes my wife's saving fund."

"Yes," said she, "this hundred dollars I lay up. This is my miser's hoard. I intend to invest it in land, where the rise in value will one day make us a fortune."

"Take care, wife," said Elton, laughing. "Remember the milk maid and the glass merchant. It was a fancy of Maria's," he went on, "to lay aside the hundred dollars a year of her earning. We make it a point to enjoy all the rest. We do not wish to leave all our happiness for the future. The income from my business averages about four hundred dollars a year. This is sufficient for all our wants and pleasures, besides reserving a small portion for charity."

"But what once," said his wife, "would not have served me for pin money—loose change, of which I could have given no account at the end of the year, and from which I derived no true enjoyment."

"How much longer do you remain in town?" Elton asked me, one evening that I was spending at his house.

"About two weeks," I answered; "I think in that time my health will be sufficiently recovered to enable me to resume business again; and the society I have found here," I added, "has contributed in no slight degree towards restoring it."

"If you consider our society so sovereign a panacea," said Elton, smiling, "come and spend this time with us altogether. The benefit will certainly be mutual."

"If our accustomed fare will suit you," suggested his wife.

"Nothing better," I said, "and I accept your kind invitation at once."

Those two weeks are a bright spot in my memory. I am certain I never experienced so much true enjoyment in the same length of time. It was almost sufficient to spread over a life; and I have been happier for it ever since.

Sydney Smith says, "We are happier for life, for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people," and I feel it to be true. What well-ordered lives they led! Every hour of the day brought its peculiar enjoyment. As there were no neglects and no excesses in their lives, there were few disappointments and vexations. They had a system, but were not slaves to it. It was made subservient to their real interest and pleasure. And how much time they seemed to have for reading, walking, riding, or any amusement to which they felt inclined. The household arrangements of Mrs. Elton were so well appointed, that the smallest possible amount of time and labor was given, to produce a desired result.

With such ease and facility was everything performed, that I thought, sure enough, the fairies must lend their aid. Labor done in this manner was not drudgery, it was enjoyment. There was everything to sweeten it. The sense of duty well performed, and then the number of faculties that were brought into exercise in its discharge—conscientiousness, love of beauty, order, constructiveness, approbativeness, the desire to confer happiness—all pleasantly employed. The muscular exertion, too, just about what was sufficient for health. The two weeks I spent there were in summer. They usually rose about six. They had no rigid rules for very early rising. Elton said he didn't care about getting up until nature had made her toilet. Elton worked in his garden, read, or chatted, as inclination or circumstances dictated, till breakfast. Mrs. Elton employed herself about household matters, but her breakfast arrangements were so simple that she usually found time to join in these amusements or employments before their breakfast hour, which was at eight. They used tea and coffee, and both were made in the best manner, but they partook of them sparingly. They always had abundance of fruit of various kinds for the table, and Mrs. Elton told me she kept it fresh for winter use, so they had a full supply the year round. This fruit was never made into pies or preserves. They relished it better in its natural state, and thought it more wholesome. So there were three advantages in using it in this manner. The pleasure of partaking it was increased, health was promoted, and time and expense saved. The cream, too, was eaten without being churned into butter. This I voted an improvement. When partaken of with warm rolls, or griddle cakes, with the addition of a little salt, I thought it delicious. I had no doubt it was more healthful, besides being a saving of labor. Mrs. Elton prepared but two meals a day, breakfast at eight, and dinner at four. For luncheon, if desired, they took some fruit, a sandwich, a slice of bread and honey, or something of the kind. I shall never forget what a luxurious repast I had one day on a bowl of baked sweet apples and milk, with some of Mrs. Elton's beautiful light bread crumbled into it. It was a feast fit for a king.

A boy, son of a poor widow living near, was employed to do the milking, and perform some other offices about the house and garden. This afforded an opportunity to assist the widow, and gave them more leisure.

Elton and his wife usually had a walk together every day in fine weather. They read to each other. He read to her while she sewed, and, as she laughingly told me, she read to him while he lounged on the sofa after the labor of the day was over. They rode on horseback, or in some other way, about once a week. Conveyances were cheap, and Elton told me that so homely had his tastes become, he enjoyed a ride with just as great a zest as though he had to pay a dollar an hour. Twice a year they made a journey, longer or shorter, according to circumstances. This afforded variety and fresh air to their lives, gave them change of ideas, and new subjects of conversation.

Mrs. Elton was always neatly and becomingly dressed, but her wardrobe was exceedingly simple. One of her amusements was drawing, in which she excelled. Her husband showed me one day a portfolio of her sketches, many of which were really beautiful, and had been taken from views near.

"And how," I asked, playfully, "about the feminine employment of embroidery? I see no traces of it anywhere."

"Though my wife," said Elton, "seeks to imitate nature with her pencil, she is never guilty of libelling her with her needle."

"But justice compels me to say," said Mrs. Elton, 'that I had sins of that kind to answer for before my taste was corrected by a better."

Elton smiled and bowed playfully at the compliment.

"Perhaps," said he, "you notice also the absence of the feminine accompaniment of of house plants?"

"I have remarked it," I answered, "and have almost wondered that your wife's love of the beautiful did not lead her to cultivate them."

"It was a matter of calculation," replied Mrs. Elton. "I have a stated round of duties, among which I include my pleasures and amusements—and a certain portion of time to perform them in, so it becomes necessary to adjust one to the other in the best manner possible. I had some rare and beautiful flowers, to which I endeavored to be a faithful foster mother, apportioning them the dew and the sunshine at proper seasons. I loved my flowers, and fancied they appreciated my care. But upon reflection I came to the conclusion that the time consumed in the care of plants so delicate that they require constant watchfulness lest 'the breath of heaven visit them too roughly,' would bring a greater amount of enjoyment otherwise bestowed, so I gave away my choice plants, and enfranchised a tame robin that I had caught and caged, resolved for the future to content myself with the arrangements of nature, who gives us flowers in their time, and birds to sing in their season. With those who have fewer duties, and a larger amount of leisure, the case may be different. I believe this is the true course for me."

"And for a way of life calculated to secure not only present enjoyment but safety for the future," I said to myself "these people are styled eccentric. Their regular temperate habits will ensure health, and there is no doubt they will gain an independence, and this without having dwarfed their souls, bartered their integrity, or resigned any rational pleasure."

SINGULAR FACTS.

While the Thirty-Third or Wellington's Regiment was quartered in Canada, the officers at the mess-table saw the door open, and a figure pass through to an inner room. He was deadly pale, and was recognised as a brother officer, Wynyard by name, known to be then in England on sick leave. There being but one exit, and as he did not return, some one of the party looked into the room he had entered, but found no trace. Not merely one, but all present saw the figure. Some took notes of the incident, and in the log-book of the regiment (if a nautical phrase is admissible in matters purely military) may be read the then written statement of the facts. News of his death afterwards received, proved the hour of his dissolution and appearing to have been simultaneous. An instance similar to the Beresford case, and others I could mention, where doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of a denizen of a higher sphere appearing to its beloved ones on earth, occurred to a friend of my own, and to the companion of his early youth, who, having obtained a cadetship went to India. His story runs thus:—Several years ago, the former was, towards evening, driving alone across a wide, barren heath. Suddenly, by his side, in the vehicle, was seen the figure of his playmate. He knows not why, but he experienced neither surprise nor dread. Happening to turn his head from him to the horse, and on looking again, the apparition had vanished! And now an indescribable feeling of awe thrilled through him; and, remembering the conversation they had held together at parting, he doubted not but that his friend was at *that moment dead;* and that, in his appearing to him, he was come in the *fulfilment of their mutual promise*, in order to remove all pre-existing doubts. By the next India mail was received intelligence of his death—showing the exact coincidence as to time of the two events, and bringing home at once conviction to the mind of the bereaved.—One conclusion is evident, from all I have hitherto gathered, that in our future and disembodied state our present identity is retained.—More than twenty years ago, I was called, before daylight, to visit the late Mrs. S———, living in Mumhead Cottage, and found her in a most excited state, arising from an *impression on her mind, as she stated to me*, that she had seen her *old friend*, Mr. Adams, who lived near Totnes, open the end curtain of her bed, and look at her, and that she was *convinced he was dead*. A few hours after, a servant brought a letter announcing his death, at the very time she said she had seen him. I learned afterwards that her husband had destroyed himself, and that she said she had heard a pistol shot, and the ball roll along the floor—he being far away.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE CEMETERY OF BONAVENTURA, AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

FROM CHAS. MACKAY'S "TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES."

A gentleman of this city (Savannah) who had filled a diplomatic appointment in Turkey and Egypt, and whose courtesies at Savannah I gratefully remember, declared that he often thought he was looking at Egypt when he looked at this portion of Georgia. There were the same climate, the same atmosphere, the same soil, the same cultivation, and a river offering the same characteristics as the Nile. But of all the scenery in and about Savannah the Cemetery of Bonaventura is the most remarkable. There is nothing like it in America, or perhaps in the world. Its melancholy loveliness, once seen, can never be forgotten. Dull indeed, must be the imagination and cold the fancy of any one who could wander through its weird and fairy avenues without being deeply impressed with its solemnity, and appropriateness for the last resting-place of the dead. One melancholy enthusiast, a clergyman, weary of his life, disgusted with the world, with a brain weakened by long brooding over a disappointed affection, happened in an evil moment to stray into this place. He had often meditated suicide, and the insane desire took possession of his mind with more than its usual intensity as he lingered in this solemn and haunted spot. For days and nights he wandered about it and through it, and at last determined, in his melancholy frenzy, that to die for the satisfaction of being buried in that place would be the supremest happiness the world could offer. He wrote his last sad wishes upon a piece of paper, left it upon a tomb, and leaped into the Savannah River. His body was discovered some days afterwards; but—alas for the vanity of human wishes!—his dying request was not complied with; and it was decided by the authorities that he should be buried in the city of Savannah. So he died, as he had lived, in vain!

And why is the Cemetery of Bonaventura so eminently beautiful? Let me try to describe it. The place was formerly the country seat of an early settler, named Tatnall, one of the founders of the colony of Georgia. This gentleman, though he came to a forest land where trees were considered a nuisance, admired the park-like beauty around the great country mansions of the nobility and gentry in his native England, and, while every one else in the colony was cutting down trees, made himself busy in planting them. Having built himself a house on the estate of Bonaventura, he planted an avenue or carriage drive leading up to its porch, and the tree he chose for the purpose was the evergreen oak, next to the cypress and the magnolia, the noblest tree in the Southern States of America. In due time, long after the good man's death, the trees attained a commanding height; and from their boughs there hung down the long feathery festoons of the tillandsia, or Spanish moss, that lends such melancholy beauty to all the Southern landscape. In the shadow of the wild wood around this place the Tatnalls are buried; but the mansion-house, which was of wood—as nearly all the rural dwellings are in Georgia and the Carolinas—having taken fire one Christmas evening, when a large party were assembled, and being utterly destroyed, with the sole exception of the chimneys and a little brickwork, the then owner took a dislike to the place, and never rebuilt the dwelling. The estate was ultimately sold, and now belongs to Mr. Wiltberger, the proprietor of the Pulaski House, at Savannah, who, finding the tombstones of the Tatnalls and others in the ground, had a portion set aside for the purposes of a public cemetery. Never was a place so beautifully adapted by nature for the object. The mournful avenue of live oak, and the equally mournful glades that pierce on every side into the profuse and tangled wilderness, are all hung with the funereal drapery of the tillandsia. To those who have never seen this peculiar vegetation it may be difficult to convey an adequate idea of its sadness and loveliness. It looks as if the very trees, instinct with life, had veiled themselves like mourners at a grave; or as if the fogs and vapors from the marshes had been solidified by some stroke of electricity, and hung from the trees in palpable wreaths, swinging and swaying to every motion of the winds. Not unlike the effect produced by the tattered banners hung from the roofs of Gothic cathedrals as trophies of war in the olden time, or to mark the last resting-places of knights and nobles, is the effect of these long streamers pendent from the overarching boughs of the forest. Many of them are so long as to trail upon the ground from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and many of the same length, drooping from the topmost branches of oak and cypress, dangle in mid air. What adds to the awe inspired by the remarkable beauty of this parasitic plant is the alleged fact that wherever it flourishes the yellow fever is from time to time a visitant. It grows plentifully on the shores of the Lower Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans, and throughout all Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina. In North Carolina it is not so common, and it disappears altogether in Virginia. In New Orleans it has been converted into an article of commerce, and, being dried and peeled, it is used instead of horse-hair—which in this condition it much resembles—for stuffing mattresses and cushions for chairs and sofas.

THE OPERA.—If many an opera-box could speak, it would, perhaps, tell tales of fiercer passions and of deeper sorrows than were being simulated on the stage, while the occupants of that fashionable cell were, to all appearance, as bland and emotionless, except when it was proper to applaud the divine singer, as becomes well-behaved people. I know one couple who had loved, and who, after an hour of hissed reproach and piteous appeal, pronounced the words of parting for ever; and it was all done during one of Mr. Lumley's beautiful ballets of other times.—*The Gordian Knot.*

☞ The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

[From the London Times, July 5.]

AN ENGLISH MILLIONAIRE.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of vanity, and pursue with eagerness the phantom of a name, attend to the history of one richer than Rasselas—even to the history of one Peter Thellusson, late of the city of London, merchant. It is partly detailed in the columns of our this day's Law Report, but scarcely plain enough to be understood without labor by non-legal minds.

It is now sixty-two years since Peter Thellusson took stock of his worldly possessions, and found that he had £600,000 in money, and land of the annual value of £4,500. Peter Thellusson had satisfied the ordinary ambition of an English *bourgeois*—he had founded a family. Peter Isaac, the son of his youth and the prop of his house, was heir to £35,000 a year in money and land, and might claim to be a born gentleman. Peers and Peeresses might hereafter spring in intermediate succession from the loins of that denizen of a dingy little back parlor behind the bank. The best men upon 'Change envied the rich and prosperous Peter Thellusson, who had no object of ambition unsatisfied. Peter was of a different mind; he had not nearly money enough. Let other men be satisfied to found one family; Peter was lucky enough to have three sons, and he would found three families. It was not that he loved his sons, or his sons' sons; but it was the hope and desire of this magnificently posthumous miser to associate his name in future generations with three colossal fortunes. If he did not love his sons, he did not hate them; he was simply indifferent to everything except to his one cherished object. Peter Thellusson took the very best legal advice, and made a will. He left a few trifling legacies, probably to show that no unnatural antipathy to his children tainted that will with mania. But his great fortune was all conveyed to trustees. It was to accumulate until every man, woman and child of the offspring of Peter, and alive or begotten at the moment of Peter's death, should also be defunct. No one of the children or grandchildren who had ever looked Peter in the face, or trembled in his presence, or quailed at the sound of his harsh, hard voice, should ever be the richer for Peter's wealth. "And the rich man also died." Twelve months after making this will, and sixty-one years from the present time, Peter was gathered to his unknown fathers. The will was opened, and created sensations which vibrated through the land in widening circles. Our law books picture to us the blank disappointment of the then living relatives, the gentle cachinnations of a past generation of lawyers, and the gaping wonder of the general public. There were three sons and six grandsons of this malignant old merchant then alive—all destined to live the life of Tantalus; to see this great pagoda tree growing up before them, yet never to pluck one unit of its fruit. The terms of the will enjoined, that when the last survivor of all the nine children and grandchildren should yield up his breath, then the charm was to end; the great mountain of accumulated wealth was to be divided into three portions, and one-third was to be given to each of the "eldest male lineal descendants" of his three sons. Having thus done what he liked with his own, and excluded all his living progeny from all benefit, he ends with a whine to the Legislature worthy of Shylock appealing against mercy—he had earned his money with honesty and industry, and he hoped the Legislature would not alter his will. Of course, the first thing that followed was a Chancery suit of the fattest bulk. The common sense view of the case would have been to set aside the will, as the product of a diseased mind—a mind rendered morbid as to its disposing powers by dwelling upon an irrational object. But Lords Loughborough and Alvanley and Eldon, and judges of kindred sympathies, seem to have been led by their love of art to admire the skill with which the technicalities of our blessed real property law had been adapted to the object of this old trader. Perhaps, also, they saw something eminently sane and matter-of-facts in this good old sordid vice of accumulation, or were excited to admiration by seeing the meanest vice of man expanded into something like sublimity in its gigantesque proportions. The litigation went up to the House of Lords, and the will was confirmed. This affair naturally made a great noise. The Legislature took it up, and, although they would not set aside the will by an *ex post facto* law, they branded Peter Thellusson's memory with the imputation of "vanity, illiberality, and folly;" and enacted by statute, 39th and 40th of George III., cap. 98, that the power of devising property for the purpose of accumulation, shall be restrained in general to twenty-one years after the death of the testator. Persons of an arithmetical and statistical turn of mind also occupied themselves with the matter, and, with the aid of life insurance tables and Cocker, they calculated that this fund, accumulating at compound interest, could not amount to less than nineteen millions at the moment of distribution, and would very probably reach the tremendous figures of thirty-two millions. But "nothing is so false as facts, except figures." The calculators had forgotten to take account of that unknown quantity which must, in practical matters, be represented, not by the letter "x," but by the word "litigation." Co-temporaneously with the Chancery suit to set aside the will, there was a cross-suit to have the trusts of the will performed under the direction of the Court of Chancery. That suit is now sixty years old, and, although children and grandchildren are dead, the suit is as hale and lively as it was in their earliest youth. That suit was the true heir to Peter Thellusson, and it is still spending his money like a frolicksome young cornet. Necessarily there were other suits. There were suits about post testament acquisitions of real property, there were suits about advowsons, there were suits about other matters, so numerous that even equity lawyers, no: stingy of their words, are fain to describe them as "various." The careful and improving management of the Court of Chancery has also exercised its influence upon this estate. The Yorkshire estates have participated in that excellent system, which has been so uniform in its action, that when we see a house all windowless and unpainted, tottering and decaying, we can predicate, with a tone of undoubting conviction, "That property is in Chancery."

The last survivor of the nine lives died in February, 1856, and four new bills were immediately filed. The property is now to be divided, not into thirds, but into moieties. There is, however, a question raised as to who is entitled. Who were the eldest male lineal descendants of old Peter Thellusson in February, 1856? There are two who are eldest in point of lineage, and two who are eldest in point of personal age. This point is still *sub judice*. It would not be very difficult to guess how it will be decided; but that is no matter of ours, nor would it have been a matter of the least interest to old Peter Thellusson. His object was to make the heap very large; he evidently cared not one lock of wool as to which of his descendants might be the possessors. The public interest in this long line of litigation is confined to its general aspect. Peter Thellusson's clever scheme has turned out a foolish failure. No single Thellusson will stalk over the land, overshadowing our dukes and crushing our barons by the magnitude of his territorial possessions. No thirty-two millions of money are expanded into broad acres where men may travel and say—"Behold the conquests of the great Peter Thellusson." Whether Lord Readlesham and Charles Sabine Augustus Thellusson divide the estate as the eldest in lineage, or whether Thomas and Arthur take it as eldest in years, we should equally desire to be able to call up old Peter Thellusson to see the division of his anticipated accumulations. The Court of Chancery has so clipped and pollarded his oak, that it is not much larger than when he left it. It would be fit punishment for that purse-proud, vain, cruel old man, to see that he disinherited his own children only to fatten a generation of lawyers; that he was the dupe of his own subtlety, and that his name, instead of being associated with the foundation of a house of fabulous wealth, is only known in connection with an abortive scheme of vulgar vanity.

THE ROYAL LOVERS AFTER MARRIAGE.—If one may judge from the following account, the married life of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter glides on as smoothly and pleasantly as possible:—

The little lady really loves her lord more devotedly than is often the case in her rank of life, and there are many anecdotes in circulation illustrating the artless manner in which she displays her attachment.

The other day the Prince went over to Potsdam "on important business," i. e., drilling and manœuvring his brigade of Guards; but he had scarcely been absent a few hours when he was recalled to Berlin by a telegraphic dispatch from the Princess, begging him to return immediately. He hastened back in the utmost alarm, fancying something dreadful had happened, and was quite relieved by her receiving him in her usual health and spirits, only stating when questioned why she had sent for him in so violent a hurry, that she "had felt such a longing to see him again;" "and besides," she added, on her husband's remonstrating with her for calling him away from his professional duties, "mamma always telegraphs for papa when she wants him."

This reference to what her mamma does, the little Princess considers a justification for any offence she may commit against the starch etiquette of the Prussian Court. One day she put on her bonnet and walked across the street to her father-in-law's, without even a footman behind her, to the inexpressible horror of her *Oberhofmeisterin*, or duenna-in-chief, who exclaimed that no Prussian Princess had ever been guilty of such a breach of decorum. "But mamma does so at Osborne," returned Vic. the Second, "and if mamma does, why should not I?" Her affability and good nature have made her generally popular, though she almost raised a rebellion in the kitchen lately by insisting that the female domestics should all wear caps. Now, the German maid servants are remarkably proud of their hair, and never think of putting on a cap for fear of spoiling their luxuriant tresses. Great was the commotion, therefore, when the Princess issued her orders to that effect: but the little lady was inexorable. "In mamma's establishment they all wear caps," she said, "and so they must in mine." Since the departure of her mother-in-law, the Princess of Prussia, in Berlin, she has much more of her own way than she used to, the Queen being so entirely taken up with attending to the King that she is not able to interfere with her, and the Prince yielding, like a gallant husband, to all the innocent caprices of his fair young wife.

THE NEW MECHANICAL COMPOSITOR.—We have seen the much-talked-of type-setting and distributing machine, recently patented by Mr. Alden, a practical printer. We cannot, nor will we attempt to explain it, further than it has a rotary motion, and picks the types out of a case, and deposits them in a proper position for justification. It is, certainly, a great invention, but will never come into universal use. It can only set the type with the rapidity of our best compositors, but then it combines one qualification which will not be lost sight of, and that is, it distributes the type at the same time that the setting operation is going on, or, in other words, it keeps the cases full all the time. It might be used to advantage by book publishers, or even on weekly newspapers; but on a daily morning journal it would rather retard than facilitate the work. It often happens, in a daily paper office, that a piece of copy has to be cut up in what the printers call "takes" of four and five lines each, and divided between thirty or forty men, every one of whom could probably accomplish as much in the few minutes that were allotted him as the machine. The only saving of time or labor in this new invention that we can perceive, is in replacing the types after they have performed their duty. A good compositor will compose and distribute eight thousand ems in ten hours. This machine will do the same work in about six hours, no time being lost in replacing the types; but it just as much requires the hand of a practical printer to operate it as though it were nothing more than a "stick and rule." A daily paper office would require nearly as many machines as it now does compositors, and the cost alone, which is about fifteen hundred dollars each, would bar their entrance into such an establishment, if nothing else. There is one other advantage it has, which even printers themselves will hail with joy—it distributes pi after being set up with the same facility it does ordinary reading matter.—*New York Herald.*

A CASE OF PRESS TO DEATH.—A few months ago, a gentleman residing in the interior of the State returned from California, bringing with him a little prattling Indian girl, a sweet interesting creature as ever proved a "well spring of pleasure" in a household. It was rumored that the mother of the child was an Indian woman and the father a white man. How that may be, we know not; such at least was the supposition. The gentleman, for some reason, did not care to have the child remain in his family, and brought her to this city and placed her in the Orphan Asylum, and promised to call often to see her. For a few days the life surrounding her seemed to furnish sufficient entertainment, but it was soon apparent that something was lacking to satisfy her mind entirely—a void which could only be filled by the presence of some one whom she had learned to call "papa." She became listless and melancholy, and the sports of the children failed to please or interest. Visitors to the asylum petted the little Pocahontas, as she was called, but their attentions scarcely ever rallied her spirits. Constantly upon her tongue was the name of "papa." She grew weary and tired, and gradually faded, like a flower of her own mountains in autumn. There was no apparent disease, but a perceptible wasting away of the natural energies. The *gentleman* who left her at the asylum had never called to see his little charge, and although she was nourished and cared for with all the tenderness possible, she slowly drooped until a few days since, when she died—with the last fleeting breath still murmuring the name of "papa," as she had frequently done in her dreams.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—The Mankato Independent of the 17th ult. says:

"One of the Sioux chiefs recently returned from Washington, brought back with him an addition to his household, in the shape of a white wife—a good looking, fashionably dressed young woman, about twenty years of age. From one of our citizens, who went up to the agency on the same boat, we learn that she manifested considerable disappointment at the aspect of affairs on her arrival. The romance of the thing was pretty effectually 'squashed' by the appearance of the inmates and surroundings of her new home. She declined all offers of assistance from the officers of the boat, who were anxious to return her to civilized society, protesting her ability and intention to attend to her own business, and advising them to do likewise. They left her in an eight by ten feet mud hovel, in company with a couple of Dacotah matrons, who also, we believe, had claims upon the affection of the chief in question."

LADY BULWER LYTTON, who at last accounts had been placed in a lunatic asylum by her husband, was released. An arrangement has been entered upon by which, as it is supposed, Lady Bulwer's annuity from her husband has been increased, she agreeing to let him alone for the future.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser says that the Lake commerce of that city, thus far this season, far exceeds that of any previous year, and adds: "We have every reason to expect to record, at the close of navigation, an increase of at least one-third in the flour and grain receipts, over those of any former season."

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.—The old and erroneous idea that the whole region of the Rocky Mountains, north of the 40th parallel, is a sterile region, presenting an almost unbroken field, is completely refuted by Gov. Stevens's exploration. One of the officers of his party, Lieut. Saxton, says in his report: "I find that my previous ideas of this Rocky Mountain range are, so far as this section is concerned, entirely erroneous. Instead of a vast pile of rock, and mountains almost impassable, I find a fine country, well watered by streams of clear, cold water, and interspersed with meadows covered with a most luxuriant grass."

FROGS are now a regularly quoted article in the New York market. The last report reads, "frogs are in demand, and sell at one dollar per dozen. These are fast becoming a favorite dish, and the demand for them is becoming constantly greater."

A SCOTCH REMOVE.—The City Physician of Boston, in his last report, says: "I have only to report *a single death from small-pox during the year*, and there is good reason to hope that for the future the disease will never again prevail to any extent in our city, so long as vaccination is attended to so generally by the profession and the people themselves."

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.—The Bishops of the Episcopal Church have decided upon Sewannee, about seven miles from Winchester, Tenn., as the location for the proposed University, and the same point was the one selected by the Convention held at Montgomery about eighteen months ago.

A LEGAL QUERIST.—On Thursday week a suit was instituted before Mayor Carroll, of Youngstown, Ohio, by a liquor merchant of Pittsburg, to enforce the payment of a note given for liquors. The defence was that the liquors were not inspected, as is required by the law of that State, and that the consideration for which the note was given being illegal, the note was therefore void. The defence also proved that the contract was made in Youngstown. The jury, under the direction of the court as to the law, brought in a verdict of no cause of action on the part of the plaintiff.

THE increase of female writers of the first rank is one of the most marked features of the times. No less than four of the learned papers in a late number of one of the venerable American Quarterlies were written by females.

A DESCENDANT OF BOTH WASHINGTON AND BONAPARTE.—The Washingtons and Bonapartes are united in the person of Madame Murat, vice-regent of the Mount Vernon Association for Florida. She is the grand-niece of Washington through the Lewises. By her marriage with Achille Murat she became the niece-in-law of Napoleon the First.

IN the marching orders sent to Utah, signed by Gen. Harney, it is commanded that "every *eighth* day be observed as a day of rest."

ALFRED TENNYSON, poet laureate, gets his butt of sherry regularly, by virtue of his office, and drinks it with his friends, not taking out its value in cash, as certain laureates were wont to do.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 29.—The President, accompanied by Miss Lane, Miss Bright, the daughter of the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, Sir William Gore Ousely, Lady Ousely and daughter, and P. M. Magraw, of Baltimore, arrived here last night at 11 o'clock, via Cumberland. The President is in excellent health, and apparently not fatigued. The party will remain, it is supposed, two or three weeks.

REV. J. S. KALLOCH.—The Tremont Temple Baptist Church, of Boston, by a vote of 76 yeas to 7 nays, have extended a call to their former pastor, Rev. J. S. Kalloch, who appeared before them and announced his acceptance. He will commence his pastoral duties on the first Sabbath in September.

THE Hon. William A. Howard recently gave the following toast at Detroit:—

"The fair daughters of Detroit—May their virtues expand like their *skirts*, and their vices grow small and beautifully like their bonnets."

The toast brought down the house, and especially the ladies.

WITCHCRAFT IN MICHIGAN.—The Manitowoc (Mich.) Herald states that the house of a farmer in that county was burned to the ground, last Saturday week, by a company of persons, under the belief that the occupants had bewitched all the cattle in the neighborhood!

THE HARVEST MOON.—This year the harvest moon occurs in August, rising for six successive nights at nearly the same hour. The July moon has also been of unusual interest, and scarcely inferior to the harvest moon, in those particulars which give to the latter its distinctions, being retarded only 33½ minutes in the average of six risings after the full moon.

THE long talked of debate between Parson Brownlow, editor of the Knoxville Whig, and Rev. Abram Bryne, a Congregational minister, and editor of an anti-slavery paper published in McIlrawville, Cortland county, New York, is announced to come of on Tuesday, the 7th of September next, in Philadelphia.

WHEAT GROWING IN WATER.—The New Harmony (Indiana) Advocate states that Mr. John Wilsey, of that place, has twenty acres of bottom land in wheat, which was beginning to flower when the river commenced covering the land upon which it was growing. For five weeks the water has remained upon it to the depth of from six to twelve inches, during which time the wheat has matured, and, in the opinion of good farmers who have examined it, the grain is equal to any raised on the hills, but owing to the recent rise in the river it will be impossible to harvest in the bottoms this summer.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth; cost from $300,000 to $400,000. It will be built of granite, 153 feet high, 80 feet at the base, with sitting figures from 38 to 70 feet high. It is to be completed in twelve years from August, 1856. Thirty-six thousand dollars have been subscribed, principally in Massachusetts. The society for building the monument have purchased all the estates immediately around the veritable rock, and also a site for the monument, embracing ten acres of land, commanding a fine view of the harbor and the locality of the rock.

A SHOWER OF FLIES.—A recent number of the St. Louis Democrat says:—On the down trip of the steamer Editor in the Illinois, the other night, at 9 o'clock, a shower of the Mormon or Shad fly poured upon her decks to the depth of six inches, and it was a very difficult matter to shovel them overboard. They were so numerous as to put out the watchman's light and envelope everything in midnight darkness. The trees along the shore look as if borne down by these short-lived insects. The visitation is said to prognosticate a sickly season.

DECISION OF AN EMANCIPATION CASE IN GEORGIA.—The Macon Telegraph of Tuesday says:—"On yesterday morning Judge Lumpkin delivered an opinion involving an emancipation clause in a will, in a case of this kind: A., the testator, had made a will in which he bequeathed certain negroes for life to B. After the death of B. the negroes were to be free, and carried to a free State or to Liberia. The court decided that this clause in the will was void under our emancipation acts: that the negroes were *free so instanti* the termination of the life estate in Georgia, and, as a matter of course, contrary to the spirit and policy of our laws in relation to emancipating slaves."

THE steamer line between Aspinwall and Havana has been discontinued. Hereafter all the steamers for New York are to stop at Key West.

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—At the meeting of the stockholders of the company of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines, held in Bridgeport on Wednesday week, a dividend of *fifty* per cent. was declared. On the first of January last a dividend of *twenty* per cent. was declared, and a year ago a dividend of *forty* per cent. The capital stock is *one hundred and sixty thousand* dollars. The stock is now at a premium of 300 per cent. The company are now manufacturing, at Bridgeport, fifty machines per day, and keep 250 men in constant employment. They pay the patentee of one particular combination in their machine ten dollars for each machine they manufacture. The same peculiarity is also adopted in the Grover & Baker and the Singer machines, and the same sum paid the patentee for the use of the right.

THE WOODMAN DIVORCE CASE.—The case of O. O. Woodman *vs.* Caroline, his wife, suit for divorce, has been decided in New Orleans, La., in favor of the plaintiff. This decree to have no effect upon the contract between the parties, relative to any other matter, except the question of divorce, which alone is effected by this decree.

THE President, before leaving for Bedford Springs, appointed John Nugent, editor of the San Francisco Herald, who is now in Washington, as an agent to proceed to Frazer river, and make the proper representations to the citizens of the United States, with the view of preventing collisions or outbreaks in that quarter, our government being satisfied from official and other sources, that a liberal policy will be pursued toward them by the British authorities.

THE Milledgeville papers publish a proclamation, issued by the Governor of Georgia, instructing the State Treasurer not to receive the bills of nearly all the specie-paying banks of that State, in consequence of a technical informality in the semi annual returns of the banks.

WE learn that Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Henry Cavendish and the Hon. Mr. Ashley left St. Anthony, Minnesota, on Tuesday, the 20th ult., on a buffalo hunt in the wilds of Dacotah. They went with the same great party which Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, was to have accompanied. They will be absent in the wilderness some six weeks.

THE crops in New England, it is said, never promised better at this season. Indian corn is in fine condition. Potatoes are thrifty. If the rot keeps off, the yield of this esculent will be very large. The crop of grass is abundant, and is likely to be secured in good condition.

OREGON.—It is now settled beyond a doubt that the Salem faction of the Democracy was victorious at the late election over the Eugene City Democrats and the Republicans. The following are the officers elected on the general ticket: Governor, John Whiteaker; Congressman, L. F. Grover; Secretary of State, L. Heath; State Treasurer, J. D. Boon; State Printer, Ashabel Bush.

ADVICES from Carthagena announce the rejection of the Cass-Herron treaty by Congress. A bearer of despatches is on the route to Washington.

OHIO DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.—The Democratic State Convention, has made the following nominations:—For Supreme Judge—Thos. H. Bartley; for Attorney-General—Jesse Durlin Ward; for Comptroller—S. W. Gibson; for Member of the Board of Public Works—R. H. Hendrickson.

FROM CHINA.—WASHINGTON, July 30.—Official advices confirm the previously received information, that the Emperor of China has appointed an official of satisfactory rank to confer with the Peace Commissioners of the United States and European Powers. This is considered at Hong Kong as an important step towards an amicable arrangement of the difficulties between the contending Powers.

DEATH FROM A FLY-BITE.—The Paris Siecle says that—"A woman residing in the Rue Rochechouart, was bitten, a few weeks since in the back of the neck by one of those large flies which feed on decayed meat at this season of the year, and died a few days afterwards, suffering severely, and in spite of the best medical attendance. It is supposed that the fly must have eaten carrion immediately before wounding the woman, and that the virus which it introduced into the wound quickly spread through the system."

☞ A HARD NUT FOR PRENTICE.—From the subjoined *jeu d'esprit* it may be inferred that the Boston Post is not very friendly to the editor of the Louisville Journal:

Prentice has tried how aptly and well he
Could rattle his jokes on poor Monsieur Belly!
But an older French gentleman seems the more fit
And natural butt of Prentice's wit,
"For"—says Old Hunx, whose tongue there's no curb on—
"Hasn't Prentice, for years, been a butt of Old Bourbon?"

☞ GARDENING OPERATIONS—ADDRESSED TO LADIES.—Make up your *beds* early in the morning: *sow* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake* up any grievances; protect the *young and tender branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and you may expect a good *crop* of happiness.

☞ Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, singing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.

☞ Much has been said about feats of strength, but it is an actual fact that, in Newburyport, a few days ago, a man of but ordinary stature knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.—*Prentice.*

☞ "Many works," says Chamfort, "succeed, because the mediocrity of the author's ideas exactly corresponds with the mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public." True as gospel!

☞ TRUE HOSPITALITY.—It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruits in the thick of a wood; but where man is planted sparsely, it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or espalier. It flourishes where the inn and the lodging-house cannot exist, and dies out where they thrive and multiply.—*Hugh Miller.*

THOUGHTS of the dead are always sad, and yet
Those we have loved we never can forget;
Kind eyes look sweetly thro' the shadowy gloom,
And mournful voices whisper from the tomb,
While, with low tone and mildly pensive eye,
We speak their names whose doom has been to die

☞ The pleasure of love is loving. We are happier in the passion we feel, than in that which we excite.

GREECE, so famed in history's pages,
Founder of a thousand schools,
Ne'er produced but *seven sages*—
Judge the number of its *fools*.

☞ It is the order of nature that children should complete the education, moral and mental, of parents, by making them think what is needed for the best culture of human beings, and conquer all faults and impulses that interfere with their giving this to those dear objects who represent the world to them.

FROM UTAH—THE ARMY—POLYGAMY, &c.—A recent letter says, the troops moved on Tuesday to Brigham's Canon, twelve miles south of the city, and on Wednesday six miles further to West Creek Canon, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary feed for their great herds, the grass in the Valley being quite insufficient. The army will probably remain in its present neighborhood; its permanent locations are decided upon and designated. Gen. Johnston manifests a considerable desire that his command should incommode the people as little as possible. And although every foot of land in the territory still belongs to the United States, he is not disposed to deprive the citizens of their pasture ranges for cattle. They do not give him credit for any such sentiment, but some of their leaders indicate the bitterest and most captious spirit towards him, speaking of him as a "d—d hound," &c., because he did not go at once with the entire army to some point distant from the city.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Times visited Provo, 48 miles south, where the great body of the Mormons are at present congregated. There he found some living in houses, some in tents, in wagons and lodges. Brigham Young's house here, is a square block, with a close fence around it, and no windows to the street.

The Gentile stranger witnessed a novel scene as he walked down the inner front of the range of family "shanties," amid the din of crying children, "too numerous to mention," as he passed the long row of booths standing side by side, each with a wife at its door. I should be guilty of an unpardonable sin of omission did I fail to say something in regard to the appearance of Brigham's spirituals. I had very little opportunity, however, for observation, as I found myself within the precincts of the prophet's home sanctuary by accident, and was not warranted, therefore, in pausing for inspection. Such a glance as I obtained, however, showed me that Brigham is a man of some taste, and that his spirituals are generally fine looking women—some of them, indeed, quite pretty, and all of them, so far as I could judge, intelligent. I suppose I saw in the shanty "quarter" some thirty women—but whether they were all of them wives of the prophet, or whether these constituted his entire household, of course I am not informed. The general impression here seems to be that he has nearly or quite fifty wives. He only claims to have forty children living, having had forty-seven altogether. This, doubtless, is the highest figure he can claim, as the "Saints" consider a large number of children a subject of pride and boast. These wives are all their own servants, and the nurses of their own children. To see them sitting under the overhanging eaves of the shanties just at dusk, with their numerous children hanging around them, all crying, chattering or teasing at once, was certainly suggestive of a foundling hospital.

THE SPIRITUAL WIFE SYSTEM.—I was curious to know whether these women were happy in the strange life they led, and a glance at their faces impressed me with the conviction that theirs was the happiness of stolid listlessness, an existence in which all the higher and holier sentiments of refinement and affection had been sacrificed upon the altar of fanaticism. They seemed to me to be virtuous—willing, perhaps, and resigned—but nevertheless unhappy victims of self-inflicted tortures, by which they hoped to merit saintly reward. To a few of them, perhaps, these remarks would not apply. Some of the younger females appeared thoughtless or reckless, but the elder, who were educated in circles where woman was queen, rather than vassal or slave, wore their chains evidently with inward murmurings.

Among the latter, I fancied I could distinguish her whose name had been secretly communicated to me by a mutual friend, as the one whose eyes had long since been opened to the degradation of her condition, and who was looking forward with earnest anticipations to the hour when she can safely claim protection, and abandon the association with polygamy. I did not attempt to converse with any of the "sisters" in Provo in regard to the institutions amid which they live, for we Gentiles are watched with jealous eyes, and could not have introduced the subject without making trouble for the partnership wives as well as for ourselves. A couple of young Californians there on business, the other day, ventured a little of the commonest gallantry to the younger wives of an aged Bishop, who sported eight, and were suddenly brought up short by the fatherly husband with sundry significant and forcible intimations that the ladies in question were *his* wives. Our gallants, took the hint and subsided, missing thereafter the refreshing bouquets which gentle hands had placed in their rooms day by day.

I am quite satisfied that all we have heard of female misery and degradation, as the result of polygamy, is true. I do not mean to say that every wife who shares her lord's affections with half-a-dozen others, lives a life of conscious misery—but that the general tendency of the system is to make woman an inferior being, deprive her of the courtesies accorded to the gentle sex under more fortunate circumstances, and to make her a soulless vassal, instead of the refining element and pleasing ornament in the social circle, diffusing a cheerful radiance and genial warmth. How can it be otherwise when her natural affections are continually stifled, crushed or outraged, and she finds herself one of several servants, rather than *the* companion and helpmate of man? I have conversed with quite a number of the brethren here and at Provo upon this subject. They talk about it with the utmost coolness, challenge us to present Scripture proofs against the propriety of polygamy, and argue its advantages with enthusiasm, claiming it to be a religious duty to raise up children to the Lord, and enforcing this duty in their public discussions and sermons, in language which would disgrace a brothel. I do not believe that they are all insincere in this. That many of them are, I must believe, so long as I know them to be men of strong sense in regard to other matters; but the masses of the people whom I have met rather seem to me to have been willingly blinded—to have schooled themselves into the belief that they are performing a religious duty in carrying out the disgusting system of polygamy.

THE HARD TIMES IN WASHINGTON.—The present cabinet has been more remarkable than any of its predecessors, for a liberal and hospitable style of living. It is true that most of them are wealthy men, but it does not always follow that official men live in a manner commensurate with their wealth. For the year ending with this spring, not one of the members of the cabinet expended less than fifteen thousand dollars, and two or three of them expended each twenty-five thousand. It is true that their entertainments, equipage, &c., were unusually frequent and of an expensive kind. Their example was followed by some wealthy citizens, foreign ministers, and Senators—particularly Douglas and Gwin—and thus fashionable and public life, during the season prior to Lent, was, in this city, a perpetual carnival.

CATTLE ON RAILROADS.—The American Court of Appeals, in the case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company *against* Wm. Dumhorn, has decided that railroad companies in that State are *not responsible* for injuries done to the cattle and stock by their cars, in any case in which such cattle, &c., are on the railway tracks through *any negligence or fault* on the part of the *owners of them;* that the owner of cattle is bound to keep them in an enclosure or in custody at his peril, for every entry by them on another's possession is a trespass, and this law applies as well to the intrusion of cattle and horses upon the land over which a railroad company is entitled to its franchise as to the property of a private owner. Similar decisions have been made in nearly all the States of the Union where the question has arisen in these courts.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The Moses Taylor brought California dates to the 5th, and $1,200,000.

The Frazer river gold excitement continues unabated. One letter writer, vouched for in the San Francisco papers as reliable, says his first day's yield was seven hundred dollars!

Victoria was crowded with Americans, who had run up the prices of building lots to $20,000.

The Hudson's Bay Company are buying gold dust at $15 per ounce.

The Indians had commenced molesting the emigrants on their road to the mines. A party of ten, encamped near Schorne, were attacked, and six killed.

Twenty-two canoes, filled with Indian warriors, were passed going into Victoria, and two hundred more were on their way and daily expected. It is feared that the mining region will be overrun by these warriors, and an indiscriminate massacre follow.

Fourteen steam and sailing vessels had left San Francisco during the fortnight for Frazer river.

The California Supreme Court has decided the Sunday law to be unconstitutional, and all prosecutions on that law have been abandoned.

The Pimo Indians have got up another quarrel with the Apaches, and have mustered upwards of a thousand warriors to give them battle. The Pimos have always been a peaceable and industrious people, and have ever been staunch friends of the Americans. It is the determination of the Pimos to "wipe out" the Apaches, or as they express it, to eat them up entirely, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Wages of workmen in every trade as well as those of the strictly laboring classes, have risen twenty-five per cent. since the outbreak of the Frazer river fever. Very many of our foreign population are leaving for the North.

Ned McGowan was arrested on the 25th, at the Sacramento wharf, just after the arrival of the boat, on a charge of libel, preferred by officer Chappel, of the police. He was conveyed to the City Hall, and whilst standing in the corridor, prior to giving bail, was shot at. Officer Bovee has since been held to answer for the act. Meanwhile McGowan has gone to Frazer river, having been conveyed from the revenue cutter Marcy to Marin county, and thence to the steamer, as she was passing out the "Golden Gate."

Business at San Francisco continued unusually active, and large transactions were making in provisions and other goods used by miners. All articles of these descriptions were purchased in advance of arrival and chiefly on private terms. Some prices which transpired are as follows:—Mess pork in large lots $34a35; clear do. $35a37,50, prime $32,50; extra clear bacon $23, and large lots to arrive at 22 cents per pound. Hams advanced. Large sales of lard at 22a24¼ for kegs and cases. Sugars were active, but without improvement in price. Tea and coffee unchanged. Rice unchanged. Candles had declined, and were tending downward, the nominal price is 17. Liquors and wines stagnant. Oils inactive. Spirits of Turpentine 70a65 cents. Coal had advanced rapidly, and was in great demand; sales at $23 per ton, and was still advancing.

Dry goods were dull, with the exception of coarse clothing and blankets; heavy boots and shoes were in request and improving. Breadstuffs were doing well, notwithstanding the certainty of an abundant harvest; large sales of Eastern flour had been made at an advance of $1 per barrel. Haxall brand $13,50. The money market was active.

GEN. WALKER AGAIN.—Gen. Walker has written a letter to the Mobile Register, reiterating his assertion, notwithstanding the denial of the Union, that the Administration had endeavored to persuade him to forego his designs upon Nicaragua, and to direct his warlike energies against Mexico. He avers that General Henningsen had several interviews on the subject with the Secretary of WAR, in which he alleges the latter said:

"That if we would turn our attention to Mexico and enter into the service of Comonfort, we should have the support of the United States Government; that while in the Mexican service we might, by some act, such as tearing down the flag of Spain, bring about a war between Mexico and Spain, and Cuba might then be seized by the former Power. The Secretary, according to the report I received, informed Gen. Henningsen that means would not be lacking for such an enterprise, and when pressed by the General to state how the means could be raised, he replied: 'I have gone the length of my tether; before I can say more it will be necessary for me to see a person above me.' In the next interview the Secretary informed the General that he was not authorized to go further, but that he might rely implicitly on the means being provided if the enterprise were undertaken."

Walker says he was "shocked" at such a proposal.

RATTLESNAKE EXPERIMENTS.—Two scientific gentlemen of Thomasville, Geo., have been experimenting with the rattlesnake. Several experiments were tried with dogs, which, after having been bitten, were subjected to various remedies, which were reputed to have been efficacious in many instances, but which, in these cases, failed entirely, the bite proving fatal in a few hours. Whiskey was finally tried, and the dog, after being bitten on the fleshy part of the thigh, was forced to swallow several gills of whiskey at short intervals. The poor animal was made extremely sick for several days, (whether owing to the whiskey or the bite of the rattlesnake, the scientific gentlemen were unable to determine,) but finally recovered, and at last accounts appeared as well as ever.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The steamship Hammonia arrived at New York on the 30th ultimo. She left Southampton on Sunday the 18th, and brings the London papers of Saturday evening.

The Turkish Government, besides punishing the authors of the massacre at Jeddah, offers to bestow 150,000 francs upon the families of the British and French Consuls.

Hostilities have commenced between the Mussulmans and the Royas in Bosnia.

It is reported in Warsaw that there will soon be a general uprising in Turkey.

The Russian troops have been defeated by the Circassians, with the loss of 1,600 men and eight guns.

RIGHT OF SEARCH AGAIN.—The French have a right of search question up. The Patrie says:—

"Several French ships on the coast of Africa having been searched by Portuguese cruisers, who suspected them of being slavers, the Marquis de Lisle, French Minister at Lisbon, informed the Portuguese Secretary that if Portuguese ships searched any French vessels, under any pretence whatever, or molested them in their 'operations' north of the river Congo, the French cruisers *would sink them.*"

The Liverpool Mercury says this "insolent menace" has terrified the Lisbon Cabinet into compliance.

FROM UTAH.—Advices from Salt Lake City to July 3d, had been received. The Mormons had all returned to their homes in different parts of the Territory. Gen. Johnston passed through the city with his horses and encamped 30 miles distant on the other side. No troops remained in the city.

The Government officers had been duly installed in their various offices and are preparing for the proper discharge of their duties.

Brigham Young professes to be anxious to be tried on the charge of treason, but insists that the jury shall consist of Mormons only.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 342—Adults 117, and children 225.

DRESS.

Quite a spicy debate took place in the Methodist General Conference, lately held in Nashville, on a proposition to amend the "Discipline" of the Church by striking out the rule respecting dress. The article on that subject has the following passages:

"'Receive none into the church till they have left off superfluous ornaments. * * * Give no tickets to any that wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles or rings.' 'The putting on of gold and costly apparel,' is also, in another place, reckoned among sins to be avoided.

"The Rev. Mr. Lush, of Mississippi, the mover of the resolution to strike out, contended that the law was a dead letter, and that it was a 'scandalous inconsistency' that the precept and practice of the denomination should be so widely at variance with each other. 'Such was the laxity of administration that candidates would be received into the church though loaded down with a weight of gold under which they could scarcely walk.' The speaker was very severe upon his brother ministers for wearing gold spectacles. He said the glass would magnify just as well if set in steel or iron. He denounced gold studs, gold watch-chains, gold-headed canes and diamond breastpins, with much fervor.

"Another speaker was for bringing the practice of the people up to the standard of the Discipline, instead of accommodating the Discipline to the practice of the people. He thought it very ridiculous to admit that superfluity of dress was wrong, and then expunge the rule because people would not comply with it.

"Another contended that the rule against 'superfluous ornaments' did not apply to such things as spectacles and walking canes. He agreed, also, that, even if these things were forbidden, there was not a word in Scripture against the use of them by men—that the precept applied exclusively to 'the women.'

"Rev. Dr. Lee, of Va., was in favor of expunging. He admitted that he had to use his gold spectacles to see what was in the Discipline. He did not understand, and never had understood it. What ornament was superfluous? Who could say at what precise point ornaments ceased to be allowable and became superfluous? He ridiculed the idea that we might carry as many twenty-dollar gold pieces in our pockets as we please, but if we should stick a little bit of it in the bosom, somebody would be greatly scandalized. He always found enough to do in preaching about more important matters, without descending to these trifles.

"Another member from Virginia, protested against Dr. Lee's speech going forth as an exponent of the sentiments of the Methodists of that State.

"The Rev. Mr. Deems deprecated the tendency to superfluity in dress, but was in favor of abolishing the rule. He represented it as 'lifting a straw to the whirlwind.' 'It might do for the regulation of a *society*, but for the *church* to assume to be the mantua-maker, milliner and tailor of her members, was a contemptible desecration of her sacred office.' He was in favor of getting the true sap to circulate the tree, so that it should put forth healthy leaves, but did not believe in pulling off this leaf and that, &c.

"After considerable discussion, the subject was indefinitely postponed."

THE "OLD LOG CABIN" BURNED TO THE GROUND—NARROW ESCAPE OF COL. TAYLOR AND FAMILY.—The "Old Log Cabin," so famous in political history, has gone at last. It was the residence of General Harrison at North Bend, about fifteen miles below the city, when he was nominated for President, and was made famous by a thousand songs in the campaign of 1840. Yesterday morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock, as the train arrived at North Bend, the old log cabin was enveloped in flames, and its destruction was complete. It was occupied by Colonel Wm. H. H. Taylor, (who married a daughter of General Harrison,) and family, and we learn that such was the rapid progress of the fire, and so late its discovery that the members of the household barely escaped in their night clothes! Of course nothing was saved in the way of furniture or documents, and the probability is, that many valuable papers left by President Harrison, together with articles cherished as relics of the Old Hero, and of the early history of the West, have been destroyed with the building. The only portrait of Mrs. Harrison in existence (painted by Beard), with two or three of the General, taken at different periods of life, are also probably destroyed. Mrs. Harrison, the widow of President Harrison, fortunately was not in the dwelling; the venerable lady at present being at the residence of the Hon. Scott Harrison, a son of Gen. H., a few miles beyond the old homestead.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 27th.*

The Log Cabin was of the genuine and unadulterated kind, built of huge logs, with gigantic stone chimneys, and finished in the backwoods style. The cabin, however, was long since clapboarded, and the wings which were added being built in modern style, the whole presented a symmetrical appearance.

As Gen. Harrison's family grew numerous, additions were made to the cabin, till the structure grew to a length of fifty feet or more, and a proportional width. When asked why he did not build a new house upon the hill that rises back of the present building, Gen. Harrison replied that he found the cabin there, and had added to it, as occasion required, until he had added so much that it hardly seemed worth while to desert it altogether.

AN AMERICAN CHESS PLAYER IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the New Orleans chess player, whose arrival in England has already been noted, is creating considerable interest among the chess magnates of London, by his superior play, and the pluck he exhibits in offering to match for any amount with the best players of Europe. His challenge to all Europe, which we have already published, has been accepted by Staunton, the well-known English chess author, and the meeting will take place some time in September next. As yet, Staunton and Morphy have not met: and there is, so far, no means of testing the relative skill of the two champions. The match is for £500 ($2,500) aside. Twenty-one games are to be played, draws not counted, and the winner of a majority of them will take the stakes. It is also understood that negotiations are on the tapis for chess contests between Morphy and Harwitz, while it is not unlikely that the American champion will break a lance with Professor Anderssen, the great Prussian player.

From private letters received in this city, we learn that Mr. Morphy has so far proved victorious over all the players he has met in England. His most formidable antagonist so far has been Mr. Barnes, a celebrated amateur, who succeeded in beating Morphy four games, but was in turn worsted eight games by the American. All Morphy's other competitors have been badly beaten. The interest of the chess world now centres in the Congress which will meet in Birmingham on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of August next. It will be attended by all the great chess players of Europe, as well as by Mr. Morphy. A number of American amateurs will sail shortly from New York, to participate in the Birmingham gathering. Mr. T. Frere, Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, among others, sails in North Star, which leaves New York on the 31st inst.

DONATI'S comet is now approaching the earth, but as yet is at the great distance of some two hundred millions of miles. It will be seen to the greatest advantage in the Southern hemisphere; moreover, it will soon be lost to us for a while in the sun's rays, and will afterwards reappear in the morning.

HARVEST IN RUSSIA.—Foreign papers concur in stating that the harvest in Russia promises to be magnificent.

CANNON NOT DISABLED BY SPIKING.—The silencing of a battery by spiking the guns is a stroke of daring frequently performed in military operations. The operation is performed by driving a rat-tail file into the touch-hole, and then breaking it short off. In some instances a common nail is used. In either case the gun is disabled for the time, as the touch-hole can only be cleaned by drilling out the spike, and this, when it consists of a file, is generally a very difficult matter. But an invention has recently been produced with promises to render a cannon as useful without a touch-hole as with it. The inventors are Messrs. Gomez & Miles, by whom it was tried at the New York State Arsenal a fortnight ago. It is in reality a safety fuse, one end of which penetrates the cartridge and extends through the entire chamber of the cannon to the muzzle, where the gunner can discharge the cannon as readily as at the touch-hole. The fuse is a chemical compound, enveloped in a flat paper case, which is wrapped with cotton, and afterwards dipped in rosin to prevent its becoming damp. When used for submarine purposes, it is protected by a jacket of gutta percha. The fire passes through it at the rate of a mile in four seconds, thus enabling one man to discharge a whole broadside of any number of guns at the same moment. For ordinary mining purposes it is equally useful, and from its composition will be less likely to flash without explosion, as is very often the case with ordinary gunpowder blasting. It has also been tried at Washington, in the presence of the Secretary of War and the various officers of the army and navy, where its success is said to have been very decided.

FOREIGN ADVENTURERS.—Perley, the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, writes:—

"Queen Isabella will probably be requested, in a quiet way, to order Sr. Murnagua home to his mother's Andalusian possessions, or to transfer him to some other post, and thus relieve Mr. Corcoran from his impertinent, chivalrous and amatory demonstrations. It is but a repetition of the action of unprincipled foreign adventurers, since the days of Lady Washington's Republican Court, when the Count de Tilly ran away with Miss Maria Matilda Bingham, of Philadelphia, who afterward became Lady Ashburton. Her papa, Mr. Bingham, (a Senator in Congress and a Quaker City millionaire merchant,) was very much incensed at the abduction of Miss Maria Matilda, then only sixteen, and one of his friends, a transatlantic packet captain, named Barry, gave the Count a thrashing. But the gallant Frenchman claimed his wedded wife, and Mr. Bingham was forced to pay him £5,000, (or rather satisfy his creditors to that amount) and to settle an annuity of £600 on him. The Count then left for *La Belle France*, the marriage was legally declared a myth, and the fair Miss Matilda was afterward wooed and won by Mr. Baring, who, in due course of time, became Lord Ashburton. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' and the Riviere-Blount case, with others of recent occurrence, are but a repetition of the speculations of the Count de Tilly."

LARGE CUT FOR LITTLE WOOL.—The Richmond Whig, in speaking of the cost of collecting the revenue, says:—

At Niagara, 19 men are employed at an expense of $12,000 to collect $8,000; at Oswego 23 men at $18,000 to collect $6,000; at Buffalo 20 men at $17,000 to collect $10,000; at Plattsburg 26 men at $14,000 to collect $18,000; at Burlington 33 men at $16,000 to collect $8,500; at Wiscasset 8 men at $7,000 to collect $130; at Portsmouth 21 men at $11,000 to collect $5,500; at Newburyport 13 men at $6,200 to collect $9,000; at Marblehead 9 men at $2,200 to collect $250; at New Bedford 14 men at $7,500 to collect $4,800; at Perth Amboy 13 men at $4,500 to collect $1,500; at Norfolk 23 men at $49,000 to collect $61,000; at Ocracoke 7 men at $2,000 to collect $82; at Toledo 7 men at $440 to collect $567; at Detroit 10 men at $36,000 to collect $495; at San Francisco 134 men at $402,000 to collect $1,580,000; at Benicia 3 men at $4,400 to collect $2,300; at Stockton 1 man at $3,100 to collect $143; at Sacramento 1 man at $3,600 to collect $402; at San Diego 4 men at $7,600 to collect $30; at Monterey 3 men at $7,050 to collect $45; at San Pedro 6 men at $4,200 to collect $304.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—*Indiana.*—The wheat crop will be fully an average one. Oats rather a failure. Corn promising. Grass abundant.

Ohio.—The wheat crop will fall but little below an average in quantity and quality.—Oats and barley will fall off considerably. Corn will yield an average, should the season prove favorable.

Georgia.—Corn and potatoes promise an immense yield. So also throughout the southwest. Cotton crop is also fine.

Alabama.—The prospects indicate as fine a cotton and corn crop as any ever made in the State.

Arkansas.—For corn, tobacco, wheat and oats the prospects are tolerably good.

Texas.—Wheat good. Corn more than an average. Cotton a large crop.

New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, all promise a full average crop of wheat. Grass an immense yield, and potatoes and corn very promising.

Wisconsin.—The wheat crop will fall below an average, so also in many portions of Virginia and Maryland. The sugar and cotton crop in the South promises a large yield.

DE RIVIERE NOT A NEW HERO.—It would seem that the hero of the latest New York scandal case is not unknown to former fame in that line in this country. The Peoria (*Ill.*) Transcript says:—

"We are assured by a gentleman who has recently returned from New York, where he saw Captain De Riviere, the impudent and indefatigable foreigner of large pretensions who has lately distinguished himself by running away from Mobile with the wife and daughter of a wealthy lawyer, that he is the identical Signor Don P. L. De Morete, who turned the heads of all the Chicago belles a year ago, bought a thousand dollar horse with borrowed money, got up a magnificent excursion to Hyde Park, which was patronized by the wives of a distinguished Senator and a well-known Chicago lawyer, and finally, becoming suspected, vamosed for parts unknown, leaving behind a large number of anxious creditors, broken-hearted young misses, with mortified and disappointed mammas, an astonished city, half-a-dozen happy local newspaper reporters, and two trunks filled with dirty linen and cravats."

SMOTHERED IN A TRUNK.—A boy, ten years old, named George Prickner, the son of a German widow, residing in Brooklyn, suddenly disappeared on Friday week, and was missing until Monday morning, when his dead body was found in a large trunk or chest, in the house of his mother. On Friday, while the mother was absent, the deceased was at play with a companion, and evidently got into the trunk to conceal himself, when a self-adjusting lock closed the lid upon him and he was smothered. During Saturday and Sunday the friends and neighbors looked in every direction to find the boy, but without success. On Monday morning the mother was induced to open the chest by a strong smell which seemed to emanate from it, expecting to find the body of a rat, but to her astonishment she found the body of her missing son.

A curious story is current about Fuad Pacha. It is said that the real cause of his indisposition is grief on hearing that his only daughter had been compelled to enter the Sultan's harem.—Fuad, who is more of an European than a Turk, and who had given his daughter an excellent education, had hoped for her a brighter fate than the satisfaction of the Padishah's "sensual phantasy."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND CAVALRY.—When Frederick came to the throne, the Prussian cavalry was not remarkable for anything but the appearance of the men, and the fine condition of the horses. Like the cavalry of other States, it was heavy and incapable of rapid motion. Charges were made at a trot, the troopers firing their pistols or carbines. The practice was prohibited by Frederick, and his cavalry was ordered to disregard the fire of the enemy's squadrons, to advance at a gallop, and attack at once with the sword.—*History of the Art of War.*

☞ Could you clear away all the bad forms of society, it is vain, unless the individual begins to be ready for better. There must be a parallel movement in these two branches of life. And all the rules left by Moses availed less to further the best life than the living example of one Messiah.

☞ He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been a decided improvement in the Flour market since our last report, notwithstanding the discouraging accounts from abroad. The demand has increased, both for export and home consumption, and with light receipts and a small stock, which is gradually becoming still further reduced, holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of 25c ₱ bbl. The sales reach 8000 bbls, ranging from $4,25 to $4,50 for old stock and recently ground; $4,75@5 for fresh ground, the latter not from new wheat; 1500 bbls Western Extra at $4,75@5,25, according to freshness; 300 bbls Brandywine at $5,50; some condemned at $3,62½@3,75, and Middlings at $3,12½ ₱ bbl. Rye Flour has been in better demand; 200 bbls sold at $3,37½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—The market is nearly bare, and it is wanted. Sales of 400 bbls at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bbl, and a small lot at $3,75.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and holders, under a moderate demand for milling, have put up their prices 5@10c ₱ bus on good and prime lots; sales include 16,000 bus at 100@120c for common to prime Reds, and 115@135c for White, mostly Southern, afloat.—Rye is also better, and about 4,500 bus have been sold at 70@73c for old, and 60@65c for new.—Corn continues scarce and on the advance, and prices are 2c better; sales reaching about 12,000 bus Yellow at 90@92c, afloat, including White at 87@88c. Oats have been in fair request, but prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of about 28,000 bus to notice at 42½@42c for old Penna, and 40@36c for new Delaware, afloat, closing at 37c for the latter of good quality.

PROVISIONS—Stocks of all kinds are light, and the market for the Hog product generally is better again this week. Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $16@18,25, and City Mess Beef at $16@16,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for ship stores. Bacon Hams are in demand, with sales of 600 sacks at 10½@12½c, as in quality, mostly at 11@11½c. Sides are selling in a small way at 9c, and Shoulders at 6½@7½c, the latter in tight packages.—Green Meats are in request, at a further advance, with sales of Hams in salt at 8½@8¾c, and Shoulders at 5@6½c. Sides are scarce, but without much inquiry; we quote them at 8@8½c. Lard is wanted, and prime Western is worth 12c in bbls and tcs, and 13c in kegs. Butter continues dull and neglected at 10@12c for solid. Cheese sells as wanted at 6@8c. Eggs are lower, and bringing 13c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The late foreign account has had no effect. The demand has been quite limited, but with a comparatively light stock and small receipts, holders manifest no disposition to take lower rates. Sales of 636 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 13½@13¾c ₱ ℔, cash, and 13½@14¼c for middling and middling fair quality, and 14¼c for fair. The stock in Liverpool at the latest date was 638,000 bales, of which 570,000 bales were American.

BARK—Continues to come forward very slowly and it is in demand, but the stock here is about exhausted. Sales of 80 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $32 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark attracts but little attention.

BEESWAX—Is held quite firmly. 1500 ℔s good Yellow sold at 31c ₱ ℔, cash.

FEATHERS—Come forward very slowly; good Western range from 44 to 48c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—In Domestic Fruit no change. Dried Apples range from 5¼ to 5¾c ₱ ℔, but there are very few coming forward. Green Apples are more abundant, and sell from $1,50 to $3,50 ₱ bbl. Peaches are scarce and command high prices, say 75c@$1 ₱ bushel.

HEMP—The stock is light, but there have been no further sales.

HIDES—Are unchanged, and no sales have been reported.

HOPS—Continue very dull. We quote first sort Eastern and Western at 6@8c ₱ ℔.

IRON—The market continues extremely dull, and to effect sales to any extent some concession would have to be submitted to for Pig Metal. Sales of 1200 tons at $21, 20, and $19 ₱ ton for the three numbers, including 200 tons Nos 1 and 2 at $22@20, 6 mos. For Scotch Pig Iron prices are entirely nominal. In Blooms nothing doing. Bar and Boiler Iron are in better request, but without change in prices.

LEAD—There is but little Pig Lead here, and but little demand for it. The last sale of Virginia was at $5,87½, cash.

LEATHER—The trade continues dull with a limited inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter.

LUMBER—The receipts, although light, continue in excess of the demand, and the market has been very dull. Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $11@15 ₱ M feet, according to quality. Laths and Pickets are dull.

SEEDS—There is little or no Cloverseed left in first hands. 400 bushels sold at $5,50 ₱ 64 ℔s. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,62, but there is no inquiry for it. In Timothy nothing doing.

TALLOW—The demand continues limited for both City Rendered and Country. Sales of the former at 9¼c, and of the latter at 9c, cash.

TOBACCO—The demand continues limited, both for Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—Has been in rather better request, and supplies are coming forward more freely. Among the sales we notice some comaon at 32@33c; half blood at 37@38c, and full blood and fine at 40@45c ₱ ℔, cash.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 31, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New bks	1½ to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Relief notes	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Crawford, Tioga and Shamokin	no sale	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old banks	2½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 73 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ In all ranks, those who are gentle and uncomplaining, too candid to intrigue, too delicate to encroach, suffer much. They suffer long, and are kind; verily, they have their reward.

☞ The soft arms of affection will not suffice for me, unless on them I see the steel bracelet of strength.

☞ Cato says, "The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."

CHOLERA.

PERRY DAVIS—SIR:—The benefits I have received from the use of your invaluable remedy, the Pain Killer, induces me to pen a word of praise for it. Experience has convinced me that for Headache, Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, or any other part of the system, Severe Chills, Weariness, Common Colds, Hoarseness, *CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS*, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Toothache, &c., *there is nothing better than the Pain Killer.* I have this hour recovered from a severe attack of the Sick Headache, by using two teaspoonful, taken at thirty minutes interval, in a wine glassful of hot water. I am confident that, through the blessing of God, it saved me from the cholera during the summer of 1813. Travelling amid heat, dust, toil, change of diet and constant exposure to an infected atmosphere, my system was daily predisposed to dysentery attacks, accompanied with pain, for which the Pain Killer was a *sovereign remedy*, one teaspoonful curing the worst case in an hour, or at the most, *half a day!* I have heard of many cases of Dysentery being cured by its use. Put in the teeth it would stop the toothache. Gratitude, and a desire for its general use, has drawn from me this unsolicited testimonial in its favor. D. T. TAYLOR, *Jr.*,
Minister of the Gospel.

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING and tonic medicine, is *Hoofland's German Bitters.* It gives you an appetite, it makes you feel well, it cures the Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from a disordered Stomach. For sale by druggists everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		—
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '68		—
" 5 " '65		—
Phila 6 pr ct	97½	97¾
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "		80
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allegy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	30	35
Penn 6 pr ct	98	—
" 5 " coupon	89½	90
" 5 "	89½	90
Penn 6 pr ct	92	92½
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	—	65½
Ohio 6 " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	—	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct now bonds	95½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	129	130
Philadelphia	108½	113
Far & Mec	56	57½
Commercial	45	48
N Liberty	56	58
Mechanics	95	96½
Southwark	70½	78
P Township	54½	55
Kensington	60	63
Girard	11	11½
Western	59½	60
Man & Mech	25½	25½
Commerce	62	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	60	62
Consolidation	228	230
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	20	—
Germantown	55½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange "	53	—
Kentucky Ky.	110	—
Northern "	115	120
Louisville "	105½	100
Farmers "	107	—
Union, Knox, Tenn	98	100
Eastern "	102	—
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	14
Washington Gas Light Co	21	25½
Lehigh Zinc	3	4½
New Creek	9	9
New Grenada	4	5
N America Ins'nce	123	—
N Liberties Gas	27	—
Citr Passenger R R	50	51

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	98½	100
2nd " "	87½	87½
" stock	41½	41½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	98	98½
" stock	—	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	77	78
mort 6's '44	87½	91
" " '56	66½	67
stock	30	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	82	82½
stock	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	31	—
6 pr ct loan '60	98½	—
Chas Val R R 6's	29	33
Tioga R R 6's	80	—
Willims & Elmira 7's 1st mort	65½	68
2d "	48	49½
stock	10½	11½
Catawissa	8½	—
Beaver Meadow stock	53	54
preferred 10 pr ct	—	—
Jersey	—	—
North Penna R R stock	91	91
6 pr ct loan	59½	60
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	52½	52½
6 pr ct loan	—	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	63	—
stock	—	—
Har and Lan R R stock	56	56½
bonds '59	—	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	27½	—
Long Island R R stock	122	123
bonds	77	78
Erie R R stock	14½	—
Fulton River R R	20½	—
N Y Central	85½	—
Michigan Central	61	—
Illinois "	76	—
Michigan Southern	24½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	67½	68
imp. 6 pr ct	64	—
stock	—	—
preferred	15½	17
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	49
mort 6 pr ct	97½	98½
loan	97	97½
Morris Conse'd preferred	43	—
Ches & Del bonds	97	100
Union "	40	45
bonds	5	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1879	—	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 737 and 739 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting tis, ₱ ℔	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ ℔	10 a16
Sirloin steak "	14 a16	Breast and Neck "	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a5
Chuck pieces "	8 a11	Who.e carcass "	5 a 9
Plates and navels corned "	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh each	65 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ ℔	9
Leg, each	31a37½	Hind "	10
Shin "	20 a25	Chop "	12½
Kidney "	8 a12	Cutlet "	12½
Liver, ₱ ℔	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	40
Dried Beef, ₱ ℔	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a$1	Salt and fresh, ₱ ℔	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ ℔	10 a12	Trips, ₱ ℔	4 a 5
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₱ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	16
Onion tops "	1	Do. do, ₱ ℔	5 a 6
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Corn pot's, ₱ bus	1,00a1,25
New pot's (N J), ₱ bus	$1	Onions, bus	50
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a10	Peas, ₱ basket	$1,00a1,50

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	2,00a2,50	Cantelopes	7 a12
Do. ₱ pk	25 a37	Black Currants ₱ qt	12½
Currants ₱ quart	15	Huckleberries ₱ qt	12
Peaches ₱ basket	87½	Blackberries	12
Watermelons	37½a44	Raspberries, ₱ qt	50

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a87	Chickens, ₱ ℔	10 a12½
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Sqb Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl, 10,00	12,00
Do, ₱ M	10,00a12,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, ₱ ℔	8 a10
		Crabs, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ₱ ℔	22 a25	Salt do, ₱ bbl	11
Do "	14 a20	Mackerel "	10
Eggs, doz	12 a13	Smk'd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish ₱ ℔	5 a 6	Honey, ₱	20 a25
Dry Cod "	4 a 6	Smearcase, cake	3
Halibut, ₱ ℔	12½	Salmon ₱ ℔	25 a37
Blue Fish, ₱ ℔	12	Sheep head "	15

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 31.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour buoyant. Sales of 12,500 bbls at $4,10@4,15 for State, $4,75@5 for Ohio, and $4,90@5 for Southern, an advance of 5 cents on each. Wheat advanced 1c; sales of 17,000 bushels at $1,25@1,30 for Southern red, $1,10@1,12 for Western red, $1,12@1,14 for white, and 91c for Milwaukie Club. Corn is firmer. Sales of 5,000 bushels at $1,05 for yellow, 65@82c for mixed, damaged to fair. Pork heavy at $17,50 for mess.

THAT ENEMY OF MANKIND, Consumption! can be cured, but it is far better to prevent the cruel disease from fastening itself on the system, by the timely use of a remedy such as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry affords.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. THOMAS B. DOND, to Miss KATE PILLING, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. ROBERT G. LEWIS, to Miss EMMA BECK, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. G. S. Darborow, Mr. JOHN DOWLAN, to Mrs. ELIZABETH C. PEABODY, both of this city.

On the 16th of May, by the Rev. J. R. Maddux, JOHN BENJAMIN, to MARY A. UBER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. Atwood, Mr. JOHN A. COATMAN, of New York city, to Miss AMY J. DAVIS, of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., Mr. ROBERT WHITE, of Norristown, to Mrs. MARTHA WEIR, of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr JOHN GLOVER, to Miss ANNE KYLE, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. Clark Bowden, Mr. JAMES HART, to Miss MARY J. MORELAND, daughter of Mr. Hugh Moreland, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CATHERINE H. WALTON, aged 69 years.

On the 26th ultimo, CHARLES F. MILLER, aged 85 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ADAM ELLIOTT, aged 75.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. DAVID PATTERSON, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ultimo, at Gwynedd, Montgomery county, Mrs. ANNIE M. SHARLE, aged 58 years.

On the 26th ultimo, ELLEN C. wife of George K. Alcorn, aged 36 years.

On the 27th ultimo, EDWARD GRENNON, aged 63.

In New York, on the 26th ultimo, JONATHAN A. JONES, formerly of this city, aged 49 years.

On the 27th ultimo, SARAH WELCH, aged 33.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE McCARDY, aged 83 years.

On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM BURNES, aged 44.

On the 25th ultimo, CHARLES HOFFMAN, aged 82 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES A. KOEHLER, aged 53 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JOSEPH E. COYLE, aged 20.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE SCHAEFFER, aged 73 years.

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Wit and Humor.

POETRY.

BY A COOK.

We must allow the poets to be heard, and so we give place to a correspondent who woos the muse in the following strain:—

Day is done brown and set away to cool;
And Evening, like a salad fresh and moist,
And peppered with her mustered stars, comes on;—
The moon, like a large cheese cut just in half,
Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly;—
The milky-way reveals her silver stream
'Mid the hare-mange-like clouds that fleck the sky;—
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge dough-nuts 'mid the deep'ning gloom.
How like a silver salver shines the lake!
While mimic clouds upon its surface move,
Like floating islands in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flower-cups clean,
And night-winds follow them to wipe them dry.

On such an eve as this 'tis sweet to sit
And thus commune with Nature, as she brings
Familiar symbols to the thoughtful breast,
And spreads her feast of meditative cheer
Day with its broils and fiery feuds is o'er,
Its jars discordant and its seething strifes,
And all its boiling passions hushed to peace.
Old Earth, hung on her spit before the sun,
Turns her huge sides alternate to his rays,
Basted by rains and dews, and cooks away,
And so will cook, till she is done,—and burnt.

HEROIC DEVOTION TO THE ART.—Mrs. Matthews, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of this. In that scene in the play of the "Committee," where Obadiah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle, administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and rigor into his resistance, so much so that Johnstone, ("Irish Johnstone,") the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obadiah was borne off half dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake half filled with the rankest lamp oil. We will let Mrs. Matthews tell the rest:

"When the sufferer had in some degree recovered from the nausea the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marvelled why Munden should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat. 'It would,' Johnstone said, 'have been easy to have rejected, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him.' Mr. Munden's reply—by gasps—was as follows:

"'My dear boy—I was about to do so—but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made upon swallowing it, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though *I* thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat.'"

A CUTE YANKEE.—"Early this morning, the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find written upon the outside door, 'No Scule,' and the most of them made preparations to enjoy the holiday—not dreaming but that it was a genuine order. It appeared, however, that a roguish youth, a lover of mischief more than his books, had written in large letters the joyful news. 'No Scule' was the notice posted up; the idea we understood, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together; and, in the stern visage of the master enough was seen to convince us that all was not right—he had been outwitted, and now came the tug of war.

"He soon ordered the boys to appear before his presence, and, one by one, criticised our spelling, as far as the word school was concerned. They stood the test, until the hero, with his comic phiz, made his appearance, who, with confidence, distinctly said—

"'S-c-u-l-e!'

"The master took him by the collar, and, with a joyful expression at the success of the ruse, laid on the birch right merrily."

HOW HE CAME BY HIS NAME.—Virgil D. Paris, of Maine, has been appointed naval storekeeper at Portsmouth, N. H., vice Redding, removed.

There is a funny story about the manner in which Mr. Virgil Delphini Paris got his name. His father, an honest but unlettered man, on the day of the young gentleman's birth, happened to take up an old "Delphini" edition of Virgil, printed in France. It being all Latin, except the title page, the old man interested himself with that. After spelling it over for some time, he managed to make out three words, "Virgil Delphini. Paris," the last being the place of publication.

"Ah," said he, "Paris! must be some relation of mine. A mighty smart man he is, too, to write such a whaling big book as this, and all in Greek. I'll name my son arter him." And so the present worthy bearer of the cumbrous sobriquet was christened. In spite of his name he has held high honors, having been governor of the State of Maine for four years.

A GOOD AND BAD MEMORY.—"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"

Mary—"No, papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory."

"By the way, Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"

Mary—"Oh, yes. What a fright. She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, and an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Oh, my!"

Mother—"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly very bad."

☞ A Yankee, according to the latest authority, sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT SARATOGA.—"Every back is fitted for its burden," said Mrs. Partington, as she stood by the Congress Spring, from which one had just emptied the eighth tumbler down his spacious gullet, "and every stomach for its portion.—Heaven that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I dare say, will likewise also temper the water to their complexity to bear it, for we read that Apollos shall water and that the increase will be given, which must mean Saratoga water, and the increase the debility to hold it, though how folks can make a mill race of their elementary canal is more than I can see into." Roger stood looking at the victim, as tumbler after tumbler disappeared, when he turned round to Mrs. Partington and asked her if she remembered what Macbeth said to the Fifer in the play. She couldn't recall the name of Macbeth, but remembered having heard the name of Maccaboy somewhere mentioned. He told her that the remark alluded to applied to the scene then enacting, for the hard drinkers seemed to be saying, by their acts, "dammed be he who first cries, hold enough." "I think they all hold too much," remarked the dame. Roger nodded and smiled, saying, "and need damning, too." Ike stood watching the boy who drew up the water, pocketing the half dimes so cooly, and wondered what he was going to buy with all his money, and thinking how he could make it fly if he had it. He had invested all his available funds in red crackers, and hadn't a cent to bless himself with.—*Gazette.*

FORGETTING NAMES.—We have a very uncertain and unreliable memory of names. Meeting two friends the other day—strangers to each other—whom we wished to introduce, we could not, had it been to save our editorial existence, remember their names! And those names were just as common as Smith and Jones. A rather awkward position for all parties.

A friend of ours once went to call upon a young lady, whose name entirely vanished from his memory, the moment the servant opened the door.

"Is—is—Miss—Frank Robinson's cousin in?" said he, coughing and scraping.

A young man who went to be married forgot his own name at the most important part; and the ceremony had to be delayed until he could remember it. Fancy him whispering, affrighted, to the young lady—

"What is it, Sarah? Oh! I remember—Thomas!"

The following case is authentic: A gentleman of our acquaintance in W———, met a young fellow a day or two after the ceremony had taken place.

"So, Tite, they say you have been getting married!"

"So they say," responded Tite.

"Who did you marry, Tite?"

"Why, I married Miss—Miss—oh, *a girl on the hill here!*" said Tite.

Knobbles hears that the later you fish in an evening, the more likely you are to catch something. He never tried it again.

Agricultural.

"INTENSIVE" AGRICULTURE.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

We are to understand by the term intensive in the present instance, such treatment of land as strains or forces its productive powers by a gradually increasing process. Liebig has uttered a warning voice against this system, which he believes to be "robbery of the soil under existing circumstances—the last stage of rapacious agriculture."

The above proposition has been very ably and lucidly controverted by a German writer, who thinks that the distinguished man of science by whom it has been enunciated has greatly exaggerated the assumed danger to agriculture.

I shall condense considerably the matter of his essay in reply to Professor Liebig, and proceed without waste of time or space in preliminary explanation, into the essence of the subject, which ought to interest the well-educated farmer who takes a philosophical view of his art.

Liebig had adduced in proof of his argument the wasteful system of the first American agriculturists in these words:—"The first colonists (in Canada, the State of New York, &c.) found a soil which after one ploughing and sowing, yielded for many years wheat and tobacco without any thought or necessity on the part of the farmer of restoring to the soil what he had extracted from it in crops. We all know what has become of these fields. In less than two generations these plains once so rich and fertile were converted into a wilderness; and in many districts they have been so much ruined, that after having lain fallow for more than a century they produced no remunerative crop of any kind of grain." The probability is that the colonists found in other localities tracts of virgin soil which yielded more immediate and abundant crops than if they had continued even by good culture to work the same land. The deserted plains recovered, however, their natural vegetation, which we may assume became progressively luxuriant; it cannot be that land naturally fertile—no matter how much exhausted—should have been rendered incapable, while lying in repose a hundred years or so, of again producing abundant harvests of corn or other cultivated plants. Experience contradicts the hypothesis that land of original fertility should be utterly exhausted of everything but quarts, yellow clay, or sand, in such condition, too, that in the course of years, and under the influence of decomposition, &c., the alimentary substances of plants should not again increase in sufficient measure to refertilise such soil. Soils, however impoverished by a scourging course of tillage, are if naturally of good quality notoriously capable of reproducing rich crops with proper treatment. Can it be doubted that tracts of country in America, which according to Liebig's assertion, became wildernesses by "rapacious systems of tillage" a century ago, are now luxuriant? The existence of all organic life on the surface of the globe would be endangered if fields exhausted by the ignorance of its cultivators should be doomed to perpetual sterility. Nature has a renovating power which guards against such an imagined contingency. The "rapacious system" referred to has no doubt diminished some of the original conditions of fertility in the soil, but not perpetually—and at any period, if equivalents be given to it for what has been extracted, productiveness will be the result. At all times we possess the means of restoring fertility to the soil by supplying artificially the necessary alimentary constituents contained in manures. No one, however, denies that without man's instrumentality in giving back to the soil what may have been abstracted from it, by crops of corn, &c., it will sooner or later lose its fertility; but even without such extraneous support it would gradually recover its powers.*

Ground that may be pronounced worn out can by deep ploughing, fallowing, suitable manures, drainage, rotations, &c., be quickly refertilised. By such treatment the former productiveness of the American land, presented as an illustration by Baron Liebig, would be rendered, and probably has been rendered in many localities, even much more productive than it at first was. If the conditions by which the original fertility of the soil was attained are repeated at short periods, its productiveness may be permanently sustained.

Another instance presented by our distinguished author is the agriculture of ancient Rome, which in many respects was the same as that of modern European husbandry. Even then, as now, the greatest want experienced by the farmer was that of manure; and the writers on husbandry of that period endeavored to find remedies for this deficiency, but in vain. Even deeper tillage, drainage, cultivation of deep-rooted plants—such as lucerne, &c.—could not save the whole of Italy, Sicily, and many districts of Africa and Spain, from, according to Liebig, sinking into a deplorable state of sterility. The cause of which he assigns to have been that the soil received no equivalent for the argricultural produce exported from these countries to Rome, the capital of the world. "All the precepts laid down for increasing and continuing the fertility of the soil, have, as history informs us, only a transient effect; they only hasten the ruin of agriculture. At length the small farmer became destitute of means to keep his fields in a state of remunerative fertility. As early as Columella's time the crops obtained were not more than four times the seed sown; the fields fell into the hands of the great land proprietors, and some time after slaves had been introduced, who rendered it possible to till the land so as to obtain the highest produce with the least use of dung, this produce sufficed to pay the heavy taxes; and as the history of the three first Christian centuries relates, the most terrible condition into which a people can fall commenced. Many other causes operated at that time, but the exhausting of the soil was one of them." Lombardy, however, and other parts of Italy produce at the present period crops of the most luxuriant description. Therefore we have here a proof that in Italy, as in America, the land is not condemned to perpetual sterility by antecedent over-cropping under the intensive system; on the contrary, if properly cultivated it soon regains its temporary infertility.

"I will show," continued Liebig, "another people, who without even the least science have found the philosopher's stone which the teachers of agriculture seek in vain, a country whose fertility during 3,000 years has been continually increasing, and in which more human beings exist on a square mile than in either England or Holland. This country is China, where the use of stable dung is unknown; where each field yields two crops annually, and where the soil never gets rest in fallow. With the exception of green or vegetable manure for Rice they know of no manure but that of human excrements." This appears erroneous; are they not acquainted with the powers of lime and gypsum, of oil-cakes, horn, bones, and soot? No Chinese farmer sows grain without first soaking it in dung water; and though his wheat sometimes yields 120 fold or even more, the average produce is but 15 fold. If the Chinese husbandman, with what may be called the horticultural system of field tillage, attains but 15 fold of produce, he has indeed a miserable return. There are many German farmers whose land under an intensive system produces on an average this amount, and with much trouble by ordinary culture. Therefore the Professor must make some mistake here, for of two things one must be certain; the Chinese cultivate their wheat as we do in Europe, or they must obtain a much greater produce than he states. The German farmer easily obtains 120 fold, by the dibble system, in very fertile soil. In the first edition of his Agricultural Chemistry (in 1840,) Baron Liebig says that the Chinese know how to employ for each individual sort of plant cultivated by them a manure specially prepared for it. How instructive it would be to the manufacturers of manures if Baron Liebig had taken advantage of the opportunity offered to him of precisely ascertaining how the different sorts of manures are prepared by the Chinese, and what experience has been acquired in China respecting their effect! We are only informed that the Chinese, like many Europeans, carefully accumulate all sorts of vegetable and animal manures, and that they pay especial attention to the collecting of human excrement, which latter is so much the more necessary in China as stable-dung, the principal manure, is not obtainable in any considerable quantity.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

* We may address the appointment of the Sabbatical year of rest for the promised land, towards which the Jewish nation were then (Leviticus, xxv.) migrating, as in some measure caused by a wise provision for the renovation of the soil by the simple means of lying fallow. There was to be no sowing in the seventh year. *M. D.*

AN EASY WAY TO RAISE STRAWBERRIES.—Any one can raise a few boxes of strawberries, which will add to their pleasure and comfort. In the early part of August, prepare a bed as you would to sow beets, three feet wide, and as long as you please. Spade it up thoroughly at least a foot and a half deep, and better if two feet in depth. Set as you would cabbages, Brighton Pine, Jenny Lind, or early Virginia plants, two rows, twelve or fifteen inches apart each way. If you can easily get saw-dust, or old tan, or spent tan from the tan-yard, cover the whole surface of your bed with it two inches deep, at the same time that you set out your plants, placing it carefully around and close to the plant, but not burying its leaves. If you cannot get saw-dust or tan, lay on a thick coating of salt hay, or rowen, but beware of any covering which has either seeds or roots in it. Water the plants well, with soap-suds, or water, during the dry weather of August and September; pinch off the runners when they begin to run. Protect them from the winter by a loose coating of coarse straw, which allow to remain till April. If the spring is dry, water them occasionally, and pull up all weeds and grass that make their appearance before the strawberries blossom, but do not dig, or fork up the soil, nor disturb the roots of your plants; drench them thoroughly with water two or three times after the berries have set. The first summer you will have strawberries enough to repay you for your labor; the second, third, and fourth summers you will have an abundant crop, and with scarcely any labor except weeding and thinning the plants a little in autumn, and weeding a little in spring.

Strawberries, I speak of garden culture, do not need high manuring, but they do require a deep soil, undisturbed roots and moisture. A strawberry root will run into the earth about as far as it finds a loose soil. I have known good crops from beds treated as above, five years in succession. The above is of no use to those skilled in the culture, but may be useful to many who have small bits of land, and would like a few strawberries of their own. If they knew it, it is as easy to raise a bushel of strawberries, as a bushel of potatoes, and at a not much larger outlay of labor and land. The watering may be wholly omitted, not being necessary, but still highly beneficial. M. F. DUNCKLEE, *in N. E. Farmer.*

HOW TO FATTEN LAMBS FOR MARKET.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer says that Mr. Elisha Soper, of Orland, has for years fed grain to his sheep, for the purpose of forwarding lambs, but received but little benefit therefrom. He at last thought there might be a better way, so he tried the experiment of feeding his lambs with oats, in a trough made by nailing two boards together, covering the ends, and raising it six inches from the floor. He puts in the oats, and leaves them until the lambs learn to eat, which, he says, they will do when about three weeks old. He leaves a passage for his lambs so small that his sheep cannot trouble them, both in his barn and in a yard made for the purpose, after going to pasture, and continues to feed until he sells, which is in June. He has lambs ten weeks old that will dress fifteen pounds per quarter.

PROTECTING GRAIN FROM RATS.—By depositing a few sprigs of gum or undried elder, fresh from the bush, in and about your grain boxes, you will find it an effectual protection against both mice and rats. These animals are frequently very destructive in their ravages, and if a remedy so simple and efficacious, be concealable, no excuse will remain for those whose granaries may be attacked by them. The stalks and leaves of the common *mullein* will drive rats from their haunts—why, or upon what principle, I know not, but there appears to be something in this plant as thoroughly disgusting to their ratships as was the leech to ancient Pistol—they "cannot abide it."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A PLEA FOR MOLES.—Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, observed that on lands tenanted by the mole, the foot-rot in sheep was much less prevalent than where they had been extirpated. An intelligent farmer in the south of England writes:—"From long and attentive observation I feel satisfied that no animal is more beneficial in its calling than the mole. The farmer, I think, ignorantly and wantonly destroys them. Were he to reflect a little, and make a few observations, he would, in most cases, protect and not destroy them, as they are very interesting assistants to his labors. They destroy the wire-worm and all kinds of grubs, and so beneficial is this, that I have seen many fields of corn greatly injured, if not destroyed, by the moles not being permitted to work in them. I never allow them to be trapped. Year before last I had a field of wheat in which the moles were busily at work. I was anxious to preserve them, but in my absence, a neighboring mole-catcher entrapped them. Exactly at the place from which they were removed, and for about an acre further into the field, the wire-worm entirely destroyed my wheat. I made it my business to examine many places in the neighborhood where traps were set. In one field I saw eight traps in an area of about an acre of wheat. I examined the place and found the worm at the foot of almost all the plants. Several other fields were examined where traps were set in the same manner with results always the same."

Some time ago I was passing with a friend over a field, and he observed that it would grow nothing on account of the wire-worm. I told him to get moles. "Why," said he, "we cannot keep them out of it; we destroy quantities of them every year!" I said, "don't destroy them." He took my advice, let the moles mind their own business, and since that time the field has borne excellent crops. This may be new to some of your readers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one half-bushel of tomatoes, scald them, and press them through a common sieve. Boil them down one-half; then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half of cloves, one-half of cinnamon, and one-half of mace. Mix well, and add one teacupful of vinegar. Bottle and seal, and set in a cool place. Preserved in this way, they retain their natural flavor.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe; scald them until the skin will slip off easily, and sprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain off the juice, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, scald it, and pour it on them again, every two days for a week, and they will require no farther care.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Will you please publish the following simple cure for cholera-infantum, cholera, diarrhœa, colic, and all diseases of the alimentary organs generated in the summer season by the use of fruit or otherwise? I say summer season, because such diseases are then most rife; but it is equally effectual at any season for the cure of such diseases.

I am as much opposed as any allopathic or homœopathic physician can be to any species of quackery or empiricism. This is the result of many years of positive personal experience in my own family—with myself, with my children, with my neighbors, and with my friends and acquaintances. It ought to be everywhere known. How many children's lives it will save if adopted!

It is simply this—

One-fourth of an ounce of pulverized cloves.

One-fourth of an ounce of pulverized cinnamon.

One-fourth of an ounce of pulverized gumguaiacum.

Mixed with one pint of old and pure whiskey. "To be well shaken before taken."—Dose for an adult, one-half of a wineglass, or a large tablespoonful, filled up with water; for a child, proportionably.

It never fails. One single dose at the inception of any such disease, if not complicated with other maladies, will always, within an hour, cure. If such disease is chronic, or has run on for some time, then hourly or daily three or four times.—M., *in National Intelligencer.*

HOW TO MAKE SODA WATER.—A correspondent asks how to make soda water. Let him procure pulverized bi-carbonate of soda and tartaric acid in such quantities as he pleases—(one costs ten, and the other fifty cents per pound;) crush the lumps with a case-knife, fill a teaspoon first with one and then with the other—striking it off with the edge of the knife as you would a measure of grain—and throw the contents into separate tumblers, one-third full of cold water. If sweetened, let the acid be thrown into the tumbler containing the sugar, and when the powders are thoroughly dissolved, pour the contents of the tumblers together. It is customary then to drink somewhat in a hurry.

The quantity of soda and acid may be increased or diminished at pleasure, taking care always to use *equal measures* of each. This rule preserves the proper proportions with sufficient exactness—the alkali and acid perfectly neutralizing each other.

By reason of this easy regulation of the quantities, the tartaric acid is much more suitable for *culinary* purposes than cream of tartar; and by the general adoption of it when persons *will* use this kind of "rising," our senses would never be offended by the soapy smell, the yellowish green appearance, and the disgusting taste of bread and biscuit, which now so often assail them in the *city* as well as in the country.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

ANOTHER WAY.—To make soda water, add to half a glass of water a quarter of a spoonful of tartaric acid, two of loaf sugar, and a little lemon juice. Stir it well, and when you wish to drink it, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda.—*Ibid.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 9, 8, 5, 3, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 2, 7, 8, 5, 5, 15, is a city in Oceanica.
My 3, 14, 12, 7, is a creek in California.
My 4, 3, 5, 9, is a river in Sweden.
My 5, 10, 1, is a river in Germany.
My 6, 4, 12, 5, 2, is a river in Sweden.
My 7, 9, 1, 11, 14, 13, 15, is a sea of Asia.
My 8, 2, 6, 12, is a county in Georgia.
My 9, 6, 11, 1, is a range of mountains.
My 10, 9, 15, is an island of Europe.
My 11, 5, 15, 9, 1, is a gulf of South America.
My 12, 13, 7, 7, 3, is a city in Hindostan.
My 13, 15, 2, 3, is a division of Asia.
My 14, 7, 9, is a town in Peru.
My 15, 14, 8, 5, is a river in Africa.
My whole was a celebrated discoverer.

E. D. WRAY.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 7, 25, 11, 2, 29, was a celebrated English poet.
My 16, 26, 3, 22, 25, is a cape on the Atlantic coast of the United States.
My 5, 10, 7, 28, 11, 20, is a name for a man.
My 6, 3, 30, 34, 29, is a county in Ohio.
My 32, 19, 13, 26, 35, is a county in N. Carolina.
My 33, 14, 31, 23, is a name of a small body of water.
My 1, 24, 35, 21, 19, is a fortified city in Naples.
My 23, 17, 28, 22, is the name of an animal.
My 18, 21, 23, 12, 2, 29, is a river in the United States.
My 4, 8, 11, 6, 31, is a city in Sardinia.
My 7, 10, 24, 9, is a conveyance.
My 18, 1, 34, 15, 36, was a celebrated English novelist.
My 27, 6, 32, 2, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 25, 22, 24, is a city in Greece.
My whole is what many good writers are, and what others should be.

E. D. C.
Philadelphia.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 12, 8, 4, 6, 24, was the god of mirth and wit.
My 7, 8, 12, 22, 11, 25, was the god of sleep.
My 27, 5, 1, 26, 21, 22, was the youngest of the Titans.
My 9, 10, 14, 2, 3, was a river in the infernal regions.
My 13, 10, 15, 3, 21, 8, 22, was another river in the infernal regions.
My 19, 3, 21, 10, 27, was the mother of Proserpine.
My 12, 16, 21, 24, was the god of war.
My 18, 21, 18, 25, was the goddess of the rainbow.
My 20, 3, 17, 9, 8, was one of the harpies.
My 23, 14, 15, 5, 12, 16, 7, was a husband of Ino.
My whole was one of the seven wonders of the world.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Belshazzar's stately hall
My *first* was seen,
And when the hand was on the wall
Then came the queen.

And said, oh, king, this awful news;
Fear not, my son;
But soon my *second* was of use
To every one.

My *whole*, he was of foreign birth,
An author bred;
In life of no great wealth or worth,
But loved when dead.

Andrew Co., Mo. M. L. N.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* in the meadow is seen;
My *second* is a plant I ween;
My *third* is a prefix,—('tis true I say),
My *whole* is an insect—canst guess it, pray?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there were a large circular walk of 100 miles in circumference, and A and B would start from a certain point in the same to walk around in opposite directions. A keeps an even and uniform walk the whole way round, never altering nor slackening his pace in the least. But B walks slower than A at first, until meeting A, before he himself is quite half round, he doubles his former gait and finds this just sufficient to meet A again exact at the starting point. Required from these data the distance each (A and B) had travelled when they met each other the first time. What Arithmetician will return the answer?

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CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are soldiers more apt to be tired in the month of April? Ans.—Because they've just gone through a *March*.

☞ In what ship have the greatest number of men been wrecked? Ans.—Courtship

☞ Why is high living like twelve dozen? Ans.—Because it makes one gross

CURIOSITIES.

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A glove from the hand of Time.
A tooth from the jaws of Death
A thorn from the valley of Humility.
A rose from the garden of Love.
An arrow from Cupid's quiver.

Iowa. J. S. PLORY.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Congress of these United States. RIDDLE—Wave CHARADE—Guesser. RIDDLE—Grain ANAGRAMS—Supercilious, Facilitate, Expression, Hypothenuse, Application, Astronomy, Obituary, Distribute, Reforming, Subterraneous, Mediterranean, Hypocrites, Principality, Mineralogy, Lamentation. PROBLEM—Height of first house 45 feet; height of second house 25 feet.

☞ A country mayor promised to attend a meeting, but broke his engagement. When remonstrated with he excused himself by saying that he had been attending another meeting, and then plaintively added, "I couldn't come, you know; can't be in two places at once; *I am not amphibious.*"

☞ HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHAPPY.—Ask a rich old uncle with the gout to come and stop a few days with you.—*Punch.*